

Publication No. 10

AAROOR ARCANUM

AND

PRITVI

A PLAY

A METAPHOR

A SERVICE

BY

S.A. SANKARANARAYANAN

KALA SAMRAKSHANA SANGKAM

5-D, SELVAM NAGAR

THANJAVUR - 7

SOUTH INDIA

SEPTEMBER 1999

Price Rs. 50/

A

To my Parents

The Merits are Hers - His

The Flaws are entirely mine

Let my - ness perish!

SAS

GRACIAS

I wrote Arcanum and Pritvi months ago for only a few, counting on the subject that somewhat cared more about me than I really deserved. Time and pains gave themselves to turn this work into what the few might, - instead of what the many must, - read. I dreaded another thing at last and therefore find as I leave it. the sequence or choric - dramatic form was literarily of no more importance than a backdrop requires, and stress lies on the words in the development of the word. This book is often times the word. The Book is Veena: little else is worth critical strumming !

Let me thank Kala Samrakshana Sangam, Thanjavur, - a body of minds sublime, an organ voice spiritual - that has gracefully condoned my literary excesses through this generous act of publication.

The three Foreword - ers are a grand trinity. I salute them. The child in me is delighted, the adult in me is faithful. Punditji Sri Narasimha Raghavan, Thiru T.N. Ramachandran, Professor K.G. Seshadri do reveal me, clarify me, humble me to de - disguise me. In pure words of praise and prayer, let me slope to them at last and set me square with another genesis to seek a lodging, as star following a star!

I am greatly indebted to Smt. Nandini Ramani, Secretary, Music Academy, Chennai for her gesture and encouragement.

I thank Sri Sethuraman of Venkateswar Printers for his promptest help and staunchest affection for this work to be thus printed.

SAS

FOREWORD

Punditji Thiru S. Narasimha Raghavan

and

Sekkizhar-Adi-p-podi Thiru T.N.Ramachandran

and

Professor K.G. Seshadri

स्मर तं धिनु मां धिनु तां धिनु गां इति हृद गगनं ध्वनयन्त मजम् ।
अपवर्गद पाद तलं धिक् तां इति नाट्य मिष प्रतिरुद्ध रुजम् ॥ (१)

आगर्भ कोशदाद्वारं आनन्दध्वनि नादिनी ।
शिशु वीणा धूत तन्त्रा श्रौत ब्रह्म दिदृक्षति ॥ (२)

स्फुटेतरद् दधि रेखा मूर्छाक्षेत्रेऽति विस्तृते ।
कला कलाप संदर्शी कोऽयं कालं जिगीषति ॥ (३)

आतोद्य मध्य मञ्जरि शिञ्जा मधुर शिञ्जितात् ।
परमानन्द मन्विष्यन् अजपा सुख मश्नुते ॥ (४)

लौकिकानां हि साधूनां अर्थं वागनुवर्तते ।
तत्त्वज्ञस्य कवेरस्य वाचमर्थोऽनुधावति ॥ (५)

पृथिवी मध्य बिन्दुस्थ पृथुरत्न समुद्रवा ।
सौन्दर्यलहरी सात्र प्लावयत्यात्मतापसम् ॥ (६)

नारायणः शंकर पूर्वकोऽयं नारस्य तत्त्वं निगामान्त सिद्धम् ।
आरुरु गुह्यार्थ मिषेण नूनं प्राचकिशत् पारनिविष्ट दृष्टिः ॥ (७)

शे.नरसिंह राघवः

It is difficult to read Aaroor Arcanum; it is even more difficult to comprehend it. For it is about Arcanum and again about Aaroor Pritvi Kshetra. Pritvi is Earth. The earth presented before us is in one sense, untillable stubborn glebe. However, the discerning eye can very well behold the fertile soil beneath the hard surface and at due time can make use of it and gain harvest after harvest of unexampled excellence.

The opening verse is a concealed invocation of the Lord of the Hill (*Vanmeekanaathan/Putridam Konda Puraathanan*). He is entombed in Poongkoyil (the flowery shrine). The flower, no doubt, is Kamalam (Lotus). The second stanza reveals this fact when the poet affirms thus:

*" I hear the calyx
whispering the secretive act of the Lord."*

Here is also indicated the lila of Veethi Vitangkan in which Veethi Vitangkan the prince, gets involved. "The car justifies the Highway as a fix". This Highway is St. Sekkizhaar's Arasulaam Veethi² (the highway reserved for the royalty). Stanzas 3 and 4, inter alia, refer to Nami Nandi Naayanaar. "For his sake waters lit and waters fed." Stanza 5 hails the glory of the militant saivite Naayanaar, a Keralite known as Virannmindar. Stanza 6 sings the glories of Ammai-Ap (Mother-Father form of Siva). It is this androgynous deity that conveys Gnosis on mellowed Bakthas. Tiruvaaroor is indeed the Polity of Gnosis. "*Tenamar solai Tiruvaarooril Gnanam thannai nalanmaiyum*"³ (The conferment of the weal of Gnosis at Tiruvaaroor girt with melliferous groves) are the words of St. Maanickavaachar. The source for stanza 7 is the Periya Puranam. St. Sekkizhaar says

பூதம் யாவையின் உள் அலர் போதென
வேதமூலம் வெளிப்படு மேதினிக்
காதல் மங்கை இதய கமலமாற்
மாதெந் பாகனார் ஆகுந் மலர்ந்தவால்

[In every embodied soul, the heart burgeons
Even as a bud blossoms; from the lotus-heart

-
1. வன்மீகநாதன் / பூற்றிடம் கெண்ட பூராதனன்
 2. அரகலரம் வீதி
 3. தேனமர் சோலை திருவாரூரில் ஞானம் தன்னை நல்கிய நன்மைமயம்

Of the lovely Mother-Earth
Whence effloresces the seed of the vedas
Aaroor of Ardhanaariswara has blossomed].

Aaroor Arcanum is full of echoes from the Saivaite Tirumurais.
It is good to bear this in mind. - T.N. Ramachandran

However the work is a poetic projection of Prof. S.A. Sankara Narayanan's conception, perception and visceral response to the sacred city of Thiruvavur with its famous temple of the Lord, the Lotus tank and the many religious and literary associations which they invoke in his mind.

The work is an extraordinary one, almost beyond the comprehension of the lay reader. This is because the author has simply recorded his thoughts as they came to him in a rush almost like the rapids of a jungle river. One is reminded of Coleridge's description of the river Alph in his 'Kubla Khan'.

Words hurl themselves forward, they hurtle, they are spilled out in an uninterrupted headlong flow. The reader has to piece out the meaning from the torrent of words, drawn from all branches of knowledge, languages, Science and Mythology included.

Echoes from poets like Tennyson, Shelley, Eliot, Goldsmith can be heard, by a discerning scholar-reader alone, sometimes the writer daringly coins words even like Keats or Shakespeare.

Very often the association of ideas is too rapid, to make sense, except to the creator and his circle. The words seem to gallop like a drunken horse that is riderless. There is a riot of words. One brings out the other by verbal association, by alliterations, rhyme, and assonance as in Anthony Burgess's "Nothing like the Sun" Without meaning to be derogatory, one can say that S.A.S. has outjoyced Joyce himself, in his pursuit along this stream of consciousness in his chase, after his own private Holy Grail.

The total effect is something of awe married to beauty like a block of diamondiferous one. The liberty which he takes with syntax and grammar is something one can never see anywhere. Sometimes a whole line is formed out of hyphenated words.

Wheel-Mud-clay-pot-kiln-flame-scud-play-sky-verse. If pun is a golden apple to Shakespeare, rhyme and alliteration are the golden

apples to the writer, which take him away beyond the track into
bys and bylanes and they go on and on till they join the main line a
while.

But the phenomenal sense and feel for words of the writer
uniquely his own. Little nuggets of gold flash and beckon the re-
ader's attention every now and then as the poem rolls along; For
example,

1. Enter in abandon, you are born ahead,
And for this you become Sivaganam
And thine servitor verily become.
2. The Foot ones with Heart; the Blighter, fighter;
Suffering soars to the rank of Epic grace;
Thoughts wrestle and yield to poetic face.
3. Reachless thou art for lingua is spell bound.
And winding words of mine are last blossoms!
Language-Kid lisps with its biteless gums.
4. Make me Thy bowl and a recipient
Thy vessel and pre-server of Thy flow.
5. Where is the suture line, I search in vain?
Is His Left blue or Her Right red in hue?

All said and done, there is no denying the fact that
S.A. Sankaranarayanan is a hidden genius at work a logophile whose
unique cerebration drives him on when the fit is upon him, to fulfil his
cocoethes scribendi (itch to write) till his utterance gives him relief.
Though communication may not be his long suit, there is beauty
behind all his granary of words, nobility of thought covered up in
verbal outpouring and a clear current of piety which is unaffected by
the abstruseness of expression, for all that it reminds one of Edmund
Burke's description of Chatham's ministry of "All the Talents," "A tes-
sellated pavement without cement - here a bit of black stone there a
bit of white!"

It is perhaps like Cosmos emerging out of primordial chaos.
The reader cannot escape the pangs of birth.

- K.G. Seshadri

AAROOR

ARCANUM

by

S.A. SANKARANARAYANAN

I

Images move. Dust columns to bamboo;
Ant-Hills cave to collect His bloomy spray;
Folded hands are ever folded to pray
Him leaving unleaving the icy blue
Now adance on dais cordial to view.
His face beams, the rest is dark with no ray.
Denebola shines and Red Betel gay
Swings His car upon the servitor-crew.
In a stir I breathe now ere I breathe out;
The stars tell me the rest of the red dust-
Hours of Lord's manifold play and my doubt
Too dear to analyze, too close to crust
Of Earth here born freed in Her roundabout
And leave me-ontic-PoongKoyil-possess'd.

II

PoonKoyil is the name, I hear the calyx'
Whispering the secretive Act of Lord;
The flower shows the petal; but the bow no chord;
In Blue blue by an enskied chemic mix;
The car justifies the Highway in a fix;
When the bell chimes Timely you hear the sword;
Vikraman-cut-stone Southern corridor'd
Sings Manu,Chola,Justice,Cow,Axis
Wheel and calf,coronation and sacrifice.
The cow and the King are in one oneness;
'Is there a tether there interimwise?'
I ask and peep into the openness
O'er PoonKoyil's top and into the skies.
The flower of Beings e'er there circuit and bless.

III

Seclusion and I vis-a-vis, past care
Evening warbles in hues unknown to state
Of that tenuous virbrant Dancer Laureate,
O! reflexes, walk me unto His Square
Propitious, far-famed in obscure wear
For me to efface my-I-and rotate
This being thro' here and there early and late
Reading Him ostensibly showing fair
Up the pedestal'd heart asleep astir
In transparent joy to rid that blemish
Integrall'd like verdigris in copper.
Here is a King's Corona, here Threerthas Wish
To glow a wick by Nami Nandi's lighter
Gowpenfuls to set aside the darkish.

IV

Enter in abandon, you are born ahead,
And for this you become Sivaganam
And I thine servitor verily become.
NamiNandi's is a word ever said;
For his sake waters lit and waters fed,
Handfuls-of-mud-turned-calyces did hum
The hexad, octad, pentad and the sum
Of Foot, Face of crest, of Hill where seated
Are our Beings with Ourness none mixed
Like waters with waters and flowers with flowers
Balancing themselves on the agate of red
O'er the spread of Time aeonically hours
Flaming like His Eye so red-gianted
As Betel-geuse-break for grace grain showers.

V

A heap of deeds. Out there a heap of grains!
Get, therefore, born oncemore in seeding Time!
Formica! He's His little Hill in prime.
Transforming foot and summit by endless chains;
For All Time is His, All is His, Mountains.
Soul in Parai What a swing, the cinders claim;
The backdrop and relief suffer the aim;
Me, I Mine, in all their writhing pains
Simply perish and lorn languages, lax
To dispel a doubting Siddhantin's doubt.
Viranmindar did see the crescent wax
Up showing the digits bleed out and out.
In the beginning the unborn deed lacks
The word, as Pritvi moons and spins about.

VI

Shows the Foot its filial-form Mother-Father;
Gnosis Aaroor taps; deed and Aaroor glide
Like bird-twain poised on a wing a side;
Where deed o'ersteps gnosis bounds it there.
'Rope the cow afar in', means the tether;
The Swan is yet to know beneath the hyde;
The boar is Svetasvatara aside;
Even the flower knows the footwork hither
The Foot and its Print and the Kazhal and its thud
Let the heart throb to feel the Foot in the heart
Like waterfowls do fine the water bed
In drenchless dip and dive and floating art
Whereby feathers greased have their dew shed
Upon one firmament of faith apart.

VII

See here Earth unfolds and flowers alike
In inward confirmation of heart adance
As cordial beat-and-tap in fusing stance
By blossoming ripening overlaying strike
In premonitions of pre-face in hike
Thro' adaptation gross all in a glance,
With Foot as vessel and mouthpiece in trance
Vouching for the substance in the mosaic
Of outlined thoughts too many in the steep
Of oft rippled pool waking as a flower
Building the metaphysic of sleep
Based on the cavernous symbol of 'ever'
In profound certitude flower-stalk deep
Clocking waters clocking imminent hour.

VIII

Here nenuphar flowers at one stroke complete
Telling the dance as limit of happening
Before flowering when Time in layam condensin
Fills the language-holes of speech hymnic swee
Water-plants lie between classic mythic feat
And the birth of Earth in upheavalling,
Rising culture to religious bearing
In the morning of our Yuga's missing feet.
Illusion chivalrous merges in the mire;
And new Maayaa fabulous heralds-enact§
All matter and saga, pealing thro' Siva's ire
As subtle stir, chaining legends and acts
Sixty and Three Hundred, tending in a gyre,
Seizing on its reaches, as founder-facts.

IX

The Foot ones with Heart; the Blighter, fighter;
Suffering soars to the rank of epic grace;
Thoughts wrestle and yield to poetic face;
The seer and seeker and singer Sundarar
Recede like grain into seed and enter
The mystic pentad cognate with the place,
One with Pritvi in elucidating haze,
Flowering to a breviary for believer!
Waters culled themselves into lilies;
The umbra of the hill locked the Being
In unity of grains of sandy crease
Lining the premiss of river rising
Its regime over the alluvial frieze
Syncretic and foot-wrought by Lord's Cloistering.

X

Does the fetter'd Earth sleep in sleepless sleep,
Athwart in a spinning disposition?
In break-up of spins of Nus, Logos, One
Of Deus ex causa materialis' leap
From fundamental to firmamental deep,
Of foot aloft and foot in relation
To soft-lotus-mud-Tyaagaa's thud in one
As homoousia undual'd to keep
Aaroor-born as fore-released Pneuma
Convening all the would-be born by day,
By night, through letters led by spirit and soma
Down the 'physis' dwelt in uncreate way?
Her Womb feels the kicks and saults and schema
Of the chattel'd tempo in liturgic lay.

XI

Behold this Vanmeeka and cella dark
 And dumb and everything in an envelope
 Of a mere moment grounded in a stope
 Possessing an 'inward' as firm and stark
 As His very footing boring its mark
 In a school'd sculpturesque fine feel of hop
 Planted on the full sole in a draped tope
 In proportion'd emphasis, in an arc
 Of understanding, vaulting over a vast,
 Set on a plane in disembodiment
 Yet as relief with secret inter-past-
 -and-now in inaccessible vestment.
 Friend, crave for an inward kinship at last
 For articulate union with what's meant.

XII

Sweet Aaroor, loveliest, is red-mud-Hill'd
 As baulk of moolasthaanaa covering in
 A stir dynamical deep without din,
 Yet as speaking peripetros' templum will'd
 Where His Affirmation Negation Kill'd;
 Symbol'd as Soma in pantheon'd run
 With 'perplex'd sympathy to duration;
 Piety stirs and elongates oft enough;
 Thronging servitors fill the implicit
 Hole as slow-rhythm'd syntax and image
 Like the rustle of a leaf, warm, ray-lit
 With Sun's ascent on wheeling Car's rank rag
 Still rolling on a Solitude unlit
 By the antics of murky scud's umbrage.

XIII

, the soil binds the communicant
 he mystic company in meet.
 rifices many, endless repeat
 very breath's solemn progress as chant.
 what a muffled organ fugue aslant!,
 solid sound-slope of cantata beat!
 tude houses multitude replete
 r love steep'd in music, in star-lit haunt.
 es the Ant-Hill past the visual bounds
 etching night, absorbing tone colours;
 d-graven image has no likeness nor rounds
 any complete cognition of the hours.
 is eternal space into Pritvi grounds
 orgied denial in deep-felt showers.

XIV

s dance is beauty and sign coalesced high,
 igitally pursued yet dreaded as vault,
 w a spiritual quickening halt;
 w enchanted summing of the sky,
 a proto-dais of sihouetted try,
 this city of Vedic gestalt,
 epos, and symbol-expediency,
 yond the net of 'tattwas' and 'Kalai';
 lding and embellishing the inhalt
 one soft-footfall as a line, a thud
 reless, capital'd and arched in the wake,
 a meandering supplement of mud
 spun-surface in the divine delta-bed,
 rhythm'd pillar-base in symphonied take,
 panding sounds ever direction-led.

XV

Ant-Hill is one single cosmic volume.
When cavernous, it is Lord's implued throat;
When space, it is but manifest roundabout.
It passes O'er in silence between fume
(On analytic space, to exhume)
Of breath and its in-exhaled double route
Uncorporeally copied in genuine quote
Of dance of mathematic in Time's Loom.
Young Kali must age by slow mutation
By boding symbol of striving no more
When in repose mud meditates in fun
Of Now, unstaying Time's consecutive core.
Vishnu wakes not, nor sleeps. The erect stone
Sequences the Eye to hitch to the red-ore.

XVI

Wander from one to next, Lord's breath becomes
Continuous-present-absent tending far back
Into an impulse to express a lack
That fails the human word to come to terms
With no witness to dance or mime in forms
Of rhythm imitating to cure the crack
In dichotomous native-alien track
Religious like a poised bird in storms
Or a float unbuoy'd giving to waves' sway-
Asking the beings to take up the soft beat
In bearing and movement as they do pray
To look over the precipiced Earth and greet
Sacred secrets of connubium gay.

XVII

Friend, here is a secret muted, draped
As Hymn-strophe pari passu with Time-
-Born-space and interlaced space-torn-Time
In a thud-language with hope and breath caped
Round the facades of architecture shaped
Beneath a polychromed lined sky's enzyme
Frescoe'd with a gleam and silent chime,
Of Blue Denebola adroitly wrapped.
The emerald stone knows the theory
Against the fast pride of the human soul,
With an ethic of a ritual reverie
Showing me the smallness of my scale
Chiding my evasion for me all to see,
The anti-plastic and unpictorial soul.

XVIII

I feel for the presentiment of secret charm;
Now, I'm timid, despondent, new, vivid,
Seeking a relation with what is hid.
I fear the cataclasm of form,
Its suppress'd adornment with hold of norm,
Its mounting into the high-face-eye-lid
Radiating thro' cilium a fencing grid
Of iridescent light of pendant calm;
Here days and nights are pageant pens of light,
Inspiring me with a cavern ceiling;
And under a showless richness webb'd bright
Meaning the interior, the deep stealing
Into a concentrate of Lotus'd rite!
Will the sanctum disclose this quester's feeling?

XIX

Is this consul-statue of Light and shade?
O! by a contrapuntal point of view
Mobility halts in the arabesque
Like a latent shuffled out acanthus blade
Of a leaf masterpieced half green half made.
Dusty-screen fills up the sur-space anew
In tendril-work, leitmotiv in lieu
Of what cannot be known or shown or displayed.
When drapery means, meanings dominate
The pure physiognomic piquant deep
Re-strains the space and arias in spate
As orchestral scores of spirited steep
And wakefulness thro' all things mediate
Past the tonal aulos or feel of sand-heap.

XX

Can I predicate a genus 'risen'moon
Long adance enduringly in outline
As flecks of light and shade by ponderous sign
Dissimilarly mosaic'd in pious swoon
As a rare stretch of imagined frontal dune
Of dust ingathered night-watch, again,
Again as merest external incline
Of structural member inclosing a tune
Refrained from the naval, thro'heart and throat
Impressing as something screening shielding;
The foot and the face in a twilight float
Of unenvisaged dial of day yielding
To the fine-articulate trunk of thought
As motive of the facade in fileding?

XXI

Here the Face determines the choice and spirit
Of all the freestanding form of Art
Well endorsed as a relief or a part
Archaic, semi-reminiscent and split
O! front invisible, non spatial bit
Closing off the conjectured slender start
Obeying, overcoming the Hill and Heart
Ere beholder could foreshorten it!
Is secret exactly paralleled by late
Sculpturesque surging as a pediment
Advancing the fresco of space animate
Into the somatic veristic front
As testimony to inlay of state
'Of Lord's, musically participant!

XXII

Here the Lotus-eye as effect of Light
Transmutes the tones dissolving the ceiling.
Here the polyphonic trills of feeling
Are vassal'd in servitorship Outright.
Lord's will matures in the secret of Night!
That disavows day on its stealing
That bursts as passion bridally kneeling
Before the unmanifest depth outright.
Seek the Lord; His foot outside the limits
Of deep undercurrents riverine proves
And confirms the feeling e'er there by fits
And starts, which the soul comprehends with loves
Deflecting to repudiate the exhibits
Fastening in stone their inward shares and moves.

XXIII

The stopped-river upheaves in ambient space
Not flowing nor freezing in contain'd kick
Nor rising into an invasive thick
Of unconscious spectator's distant gaze!
Take this severe esoteric as a craze;
Is it itself, a speakless lookless trick
Cutting into the space its unseen nick
Urgently neighbouring the secret haze
Down beneath the empurpled neck of Lords'
Reversing the meaning of form or tone,
(Even the profanum vulgus of bards)
Without the smallest inkling of His zone
And dulling the distance-sense or retards
Adverting the still unknown from the Known?

XXIV

The River pools and takes the looker in;
The peepshow field, enframed is so stair-cased;
That one must descend and descent is traced,
Twin with the undigited dais on spin
In deliberate oblivion or din,
Of foreground and marked background so transplac
Deepening the field, the pool devoutly graced,
To woo Earth and not impugn love akin
To the 'intangible' 'tween Face and Foot
Despite unity of space! The fixed sphere
Confers the spirit of awe to compute
Celestial sight in circular fear
Of a worthy symbol wistful, mute
Adance to widen my eye in a tear.

XXV

low the moon librates his Aaroor vector
specifying a counter-Art without space
n Matter of composition in case
nsisting on its pendence on and for
Drawing a depth-experience on decor
Myriad dimension'd as locks in his place
As meander-sytheses of phase-by-phase
to a pitch of stable secant sector
Of a grasp too clear and dear for the eye
Setting me marching with a sightless swing
Out into distance-in-perspective by
to reckon a new spatial ordering
Of light-and-line-meet in abinitio-sky
Where phenomenal primes are carrying!

XXVI

As sky the palette to red, blue and white,
to Capella, Vega or Betelgeuse,
to bring in a colour blindness to use,
As hypothesis brought forward to write
A gamut of permissive zones of sight
to know more of whites than reds, reds than blues
A secondary genital sense to choose
Where a higher art of ash as a prime rite?
to, heavens and plains, and noons and mountains
low atmospheric, now substantial
Disembodied, boundless with labour pains
Hatch a continuo infinitesimal
And thus emerald goes coral in skeins
Of thousand nuances of thought aerial!

XXVII

Aerial clothes Linear, the secret gestates
And Eye plunges in Timeless tapestry
And Aaroor pulls out into a remote Free
Beyond the fresco'd ageless mantled, gates
Of azure of celestial celebrates
Affecting an aloof purity in spree
As polytheistic milk hiding ghee
As market hiding holidays and dates
In immediateness of life as chance
In naive dispensation from inner hues
For Prime symbol curtains parent-dance
Metaphysical in entoptic dues
To clear life's struggle with acceptance,
With indoor, silent, unemphatic Muse!

XXVIII

Timeless-Become is Aaroor as Music
Of chamber and Statue far standing free
With climatic disproof nigh necessary
For meaning and intent trans-visually thick
Like flame adance on circumambient wick
Missing a dark here, dominating three
Times it missed by symbolic wizardry
Above the purple codices of Lord's neck!
If sense barriers, strive to infinity;
Striving ruled out, eye the spiritual cavern;
For all happenings in a divine city
Are as if agenda'd in a tavern
Where light and shade diffuse refulgently
On pigmented wallface as flame auburn.

XXIX

oe Thou art, Lord, with a chested motive
asi-musically in a schism
oothing the strokes and turns of chisel'd rim
light storming in from over a mock-hill's hive,
ennial fresh draperied stroke active
h an accent melodically dim
h streaks and dabs of dust juxtaposed slim
disguise ahistorically live!
Lord of snow in dance temperate melt
a Chiaroscuro when the web
solves the ens in hyperbolic cult
ere five-faced , drums with faces five there ebb
e'ery beat's ancillarily felt
feel the fill of space torso'd in the rub.

XXX

at limbs miss! and what swinging pulse of lines!
at transposing for the sheathed sinner eye!
o spatiality unkept at bay
deliberate contrast to imbrown'd confines
a shaky hill, its gold tones and strains
tangible actuality
nfessing a firm faith luminously
nding your eye to well groomed thought remains
mighty impressiveness of missing
eath the neck as metaphysical charm
nicipated from form untiring
begin a-morale to valid calm
cksliding the eye, a foe to thinking
Thy dynamic of mazhu in thy palm.

XXXI

Lo! my Faustian eye, gouge it by thy will;
And my will is Faustian too with an aim
Through a miniature life winning Time
Against the see-saw of flux in unseen hill.
Is Thy hiding the true askesis subtle
Going back on a form basic and prime
unagitatively reversing claim
To apex of polyvalent spatial
Against my intolerant will and reign
Non-co-existent with separate things
With ataraxia, fading out even
Into a singleness of fabric'd seedlings
Against ego-habeo-factum and the ken
Despite contrition, Thine imperative brings.

XXXII

Hid art Thou? for the sceptic in eyeless swirl
And at bottom, notions a vision drawn
As if from his own half assembled-dawn
Hiding behind dammerung-still or a pearl
Of a self-contained seeing or a whirl
Of data as art-genera unforegone.
Within a pre-determinate zone
Irrevocably passing in a tale!
Let me be an entity of a 'thud'
With statue steadiness evidencing it
With a conviction on mendicant mud
Transforming this oft quoted birth-spirit
From the jackal counterfeit of gross blood
Coagulating in a bestial hit.

XXXIII

O! Form perplexing, riddling, resolving
Let me know Thy many morales fewer
Is that then the necessity to infer
An unemerging conscious in the offing?
Is that a language of differential ring
To dominate a plastic sense newer?
O! Help me then hold a life deeper deeper
Than the momentary wick'd flame-showing
Particular Thine with respect to feeling
Primary and acting. For, let me know
The theory of Thy hidden naught to steal
Beginning and ending, atleast as show
If not as a resultant of thy will
Of will, willless and willless will trio.

Ocular Dream**XXXIV**

Delta-desire in force took the lead;
The Male-universal opened its seed;
Deity-Earth bared her heaving lotus breast;
With milk of Kindness pressed;
The milky way saw the ant-hil growing
And this termite-orb a bird
Long curvetted and heard
Unflick'd by flaw a thud all knowing.

Birth here terminated births ahead.
Beings poised, so inset were free from dread

Of Karmic sin; a flower killed a flaw
 Of tainting touch, of somakala
 Entempled mid-waters hiding hid sky.
 Vibrant swan thud
 For a plop of bud.
 Swanbirth! more Kasi! more Tillai to eye!

'Aren't I born then from some terminus?'
 The sperm-head wondered in its headiness!
 Cholas chose to pillar this crowning site;
 Did Lord then con the king or did sport a gait?
 Till His feet pinked red-tired for Tamil's sake
 To marry Truth and Beauty
 As it were His duty
 For Beauty's listing servitors in its wake!

The head towered above the seven-span bole.
 Can unicorn Kali step in his sole?
 Beats the heart secure in conservatory
 Of semi-wakeful coils of snake-bed hoary.
 Tears, tears idle, gush from the fount of eyes.
 Drops of brine in chank-whites
 In sol-purified lights
 Agleam from four and sixty ghats in guise.

Kamalalayam, perennial abode;
 Devasrayam, Devasabha show'd;
 A grand assemblage in violent birth;
 Pure mouths addressing the ears of Earth;
 Chanting a pious strain to the festive eye
 Of the Regal Dancer Fair

Crowned and robed rare
Having ears for Tiruththondathokai.

Kaamikam is aagamam, a leading tune;
A partridge red drinks the melt-moon;
The bibing sound sails a snake-cloud
That slow-steps round a fane Kondi loved
With nine-halts trotting paces as a pad
Of beauty, brave of a beam
For dove-cots to doze or dream
A hoisted flag atop a house all Aaroor-glad

XXXV

A subtle simple harmonic tremor;
Gaiety Royal, spring, breeze, song ingather;
A roundabout of high hedonism;
In love of mundi an abiding whim;
A warrior in peace braceleted unseen;
O! mild perfumery;
A tune of tipperary!
My grand Sacrifier; what do you mean!
Aurum-plated sandal sedan silken state
Filigreed, fine and fragrant to fascinate
Lions sixteen roaring to silence the noise
Of this maniacal world and its ploys??
(Incantatory gems hum that silence)
Then flowers fall upon the pearly pane;
Honey rains drench
Nictanthes bunch
The flowering time for this ancient fane!

Gowpenpulis of pollen pour in Pure Dance
Off floral skies and nuclii aglance;
Damsels concertingly deck'd in flowers
Sprinkle, sprinkle o'er the Kolam'd floors;
Flowers shower flower in southerly-Kiss;
From the shell of the mundane
Sophora cassia explain
The lovely navel moves ripening to bliss.

Each move a fruit, a vein'd gooseberry fall,
From a luminous tree a white parasol
Fanning southerly with shreds of tail hair
Of bosgrunniens or mountain deer;
What a buoyant feel of a dancing float
Upon the honey'd pool
A Quick liquid capsule
For one-legged Kali's anti-dote!

A pair of the white tail-hair fans of Yac
Bespirits the even air. Latticed lac
Castle catches flame. Fulgurant lac-red
Incinerations reminisce and fed
Pillar-flame thoughts chorally rehearse
An epic flambuoyant feel
Of cadence and appeal
A wave of beauty cordial, transverse.

The craetiva rustles. There's a call,
A bird-call for music from this hall
Dance-tap-tiled. Unbeaten five-faced drum

akaya-tinies listen to the hum
 ould I by some chancy birth
 e sea-changed into a bird,
 s least calling word
 ky-mating, egg-laying in-born mirth!

XXXVI

Sound Crunch : Five Faced Drum

RUVAARoor.

hor flows in the superior Vena cava;
 ord's atrium. Heart of the Eye. Swaha;
 nition. Lord hides the pachyderm;
 ne snake shows up in the sperm;
 ne hood, head, trunk, flame, a triad of tones
 ajor, minor, trinomial thud
 ow, Sivasambho perfected
 ne Konrai-bee-drones : alms bowl bones.

oof! Pleasant-to-listen to-tattoo;
 eons in Aeons, years in years woo;
 acro Om roams as a surround sound;
 auric trot! Bull-set hoof prints hound
 y I litteratim. Dulcet Tamil
 ndear the Bipod in me
 ke the eyes of a Tapaswi
 o, for the chief-thief-reef-coral to kill

Torrid ears to sounds in vassalage;
 Ant-hill-heat! Rotund fenestra! Age
 Cannot close the ovalis. Lord hears
 And mine eyes impinge on the ears
 Of Earth; the hill holes secretly inclose
 Some acoustic nerve
 As a meridian curve
 Half-girding Pritvi, in corniced pose!

Myriad flower-falls. A concentrate
 Sound of the downy fall. Auriculate
 Flowers open, flip open with a plop
 With once more plop to steal and snare, no!
 But to whisper in timbre-tone
 Pismire-earth-sweat!
 The words fume and fret!
 Who will beat this drum for His crown!

Drummerless drum adance tapping the air;
 There is a node triggering from welkin fair
 One to Five: and in between vortex'd three
 Grids of inhaled, held, exhaled breath of me
 Simulating an electric pentode.
 Silence, polarizing at ends,
 Sol, selene, Agni as friends,
 Eclipsing one another as they strode.

Slip, earth, clay, mrth, pot, mricchakatika
 Memento mori. Birth expires. Calvaria.
 My loops and whorls disambiguate the drum;
 Search for a dactyl. Terminus ad quem.
 This tap is entelechy, a spill to light
 And bank and bear lord's fire
 Upon this tellure pismire
 To salamander me mythically aright.

XXXVII

O! Lord Ancient, Here is thy palladium.
My Puerile Force here has no place never.
Thy dust-hill is root-idea and power
Eliminating my force-paradigm.
Statics is Thine, but mine's fiction-whim
Void of meaning, hollowed in wan cover.
Where is attitude in a dust-shower
Heap'd on the stiff and cold geometry dim?
Form and substance prevail my force and mass
As notions and proof failing in phases
Of Thy moon; activum thema wins the toss
To beat as function of feet Thine in spaces
Bringing Far and Near in unplastic cross
Of a 'my'thic ground in hypotheses!.

XXXVIII

Reachless Thou art for lingua is spellbound,
And winding words of mine are last blossoms.
Language-Kid lisps with its biteless gums.
where's the parent stem, I ask the hound,
It tells that vocabulary is bound.
And intertwined with structured mumps.
The vocal word is known to Pasu's jumps
Into the genera of births crown'd or drown'd.
The verbal is a characterized preform!
O! Philology! Aaroor is more numen!
A placement profound within a felt charm
Of joy of proximity leaping again
Upward as a might grazing on a calm,
Plummeting into the hill-let in my ken.

XXXIX

O! Protean light-world inclosed in Ant-Hill!
 SECRET,- Is it Thy true language without
 Alphabet?-and at the stroke of mid-doubt
 I close in mine eyes sinking at the spill
 Of an ambiance of slipping like a rill
 Of stumbling, tottering or falling out
 In isolate between of flight and float
 Let unprobed in a predicate of will!,
 Unsoul'd as a copy of description
 utter-inorganic and propertied
 Seeing the categories as dimension
 Or causes'or chemic or psychic breed
 To become the disunity in Thy fun
 Of a finite litteratim of Thy deed.

XL

Lord, show me Thy Ens and hold me awake
 In language of Jagrat that winks in words
 And in the proxy sensations and herds
 Of splitting hairs fain subserving thy make
 Whose dark infinite content squeeze and take
 Into the hill or hole or perch or bird's
 Nest as thy stage-play showing in my heads.
 Me-Ignorabimus, like a termite-sake
 worms beneath a trite maxim of a sky,
 Too crushing for me as unfelt weight
 Hanging low down where my likeness and lie
 Begin and move in a brownian gait
 Substantively flexing the Far and Nigh,
 To blossom by dint of Thy conjugate.

XLI

Does Lord trigger significance-feeling
To hurtle language down the rapid
And by grammar decompose it for bid
Of silence in inflexionless ceiling
Fragmenting Time by passive calling
To vanish from the conjugation timid
In provenance of pregnant wordage viscid
Shedding genitive or dative in dealing?
Or abbreviate His thud with meaning
Opening a counter for initiate
As me, in a sense a sealed book yearning
To divulge and hold good for e'ery inmate
Of an era so widespread and weaning
Away from the weak verbal vertebrate?

XLII

Lord, like as a homeless word I wander;
To what vocabulary I belong then!
Now a seaman in this birth half undone
won't you fin me into a stock-swimmer
Sharing sea and history, a semi-sharer
Of Far bothways by one step in the run
In fleeing and feeling from and for one
Moment of storied endowment fairer?
Are we two reciprocally alien, ripp'd
With abrupt distinctions past a guesser's guess:
With thy dance in antipathy to script
And a sane matter of stirless status
Cavalierly scrivening letters lipp'd
To abstract me in thy simultaneous?

XLIII

Lord, you dance in a dear new language kind
 Un-impling a complete wakefulness
 Freed from the pale present-denoting stress
 Nor as sight-sign neither as even mind
 Not as anything of hence felt as ingrained
 But as a song to sing or a verse to verse
 In imperceptible undergone changes
 Thresholding a Time as totem trained
 And a space as taboo altered in thy square
 To kill and crush it in the closet of a hill
 A tiny toy-lobe of dust on dust as snare
 To which beings gravitate at thy will
 Seeing which, this language bibber's in scare
 And folds his drafting hands adance & still.

XLIV

Ah! the tank is dug and hill grows in spree
 Wavelets of waters in stalkings of lotus
 Grains auburn in a brown study and stress
 Balancing the dug land and the dragged sea
 Thy throat distil'd the toxin, the rest free
 For beings to bibe thy grace by grace or guess
 Can this poly glot know thy throat or dress
 From the-textiled three land and sky and sea
 In meet of resolution and hence born
 Universe young and old in its spring-time.
 Can this apparell'd flesh know ever the bone
 Or the bow oft-arched and left for a mime
 Of a break-point by the House of Raghu Known
 When cloaked in a costume of light and eyeless rhyme.

XLV

O! Mythic form secret in a new mode!
Thus would I call, for thine names continue
Uncovering other numina in view
To cult my eye in a classical code.
From site to silex and on to statue
I drag my body conning a shape true
Of that numen million named which glowed
As titled tiled steps, as Thy Feet-taps
In alchemy'd shape with image fading.
With symbol marking the mount, trident or gaps
'Tween what augments and what all are jading
And unimpaired formative power, laps
Up the stone into thy Thud invading
The statuary of my theorem and maps
That stand the lotus columns infolding.

XLVI

Would you show thy secret fulfil the space?
And show me a line beam the roof of blue
And the sky as Urbs celestia true
So old as Time lock'd in rib-vaulted face
Or Frontispiece of forecourt cheating days
By nights uniting the round light and view
Yet ne'er yielding to dark or dazzle due
To the pure spread undergone in a phase
Ignoring the roof over the column,
The shielding over the stoutness or growth
In tragic or comic deludedness
Of stones craving thy step or lift or both
~~With their load and inertia to bless~~
Or be blest by liberation free as froth
Floatation'd sore-ore and its unnotchedness?

XLVII

Lord, Is thy dance a dart of form-felling,
Unpictorial, unplastic, unseen
At work in Thy wordless feet-pair to mean
The acoustic and the optical thing
The eye or the ear or the sense cheating?!
Does this thy thud take effect on the mean
Golden between, by a hit here to wean
Itself away from the form concurring
One event and me or someone to trust
In a linear progression of a kind
Through stages and notions, thro'weird words g
As Ancient or after, leaving one blind
To the Art-reason, a mysterious must
Past evident-existent as a find?!

XLVIII

Thy Face is tangible and I do see
But Feet are obvious, that never I follow,
Like as an eye upturned to a fresco
Foregoing its logic for necessity
Of watching without prepossessions free
I behold Thy frontal portraiture-show
Or refrained deep relief up from below
As dust mysterious or domical tree,
As prime powered utterance of delta-earth
Articulate in waters through a float
In quest of the current in vessel'd birth
And hear the counterpoint of blue voiced throat
Appeasing the All-soulless-Venom's-mirth,
And the symphonied force of thy Foot-Note!

XLIX

Aren't I Aaroor-nigh, thus I tagged;
Doubt began from the outside and stays there;
The inside's wondrous mutation fair;
Facade turns visage and the secret wagged
A meaning undisclosed; my legs lagged
Behind what drew me out from the plain care,
From what the head held and the trunk didn't dare,
And I spired the motive and felt ragged
For lack of aspect to focus the feet
With my gotten clay in archaic relief.
In somatic reminiscence I greet
Thy standing free upon thy footing chief
To transcend my sense-limits and treat
My faith in favour of space as red reef.

L

Coral'd chromatic by that starlit air
The frontalness ends closing off the style;
Earth as plane art springs as a pristine smile;
Obeys the sky then overcomes the blue air;
But secret felt is left to secret's care
Naked' Neath the seeming statue's guile
Is the gross soma conceived in a while
Till Time regarded figurewise unfair
Stays the relief and spot fails to detach
The hidden silhouette from the plane spread out
And stills a lateral outline of a catch
In the polychromed neck of a tone without
Doubt's enamel but with a faith to match,
A space that confers and cancels a shout.

LI

O Lord. Are you that fathomless secret
 Earth-bound that flows as life in sex'd halves?
 In symbol'd flower telling the free falls
 In beads of this existence so hard-set,
 Unfolding history in a duet
 Of being bisociative in vaults
 Close to the cosmic and chaotic saults
 Involved in the cyclic rhythms inset,
 Of nature more animal and more awake
 More free, more deeper, more mobile more tense
 To catch the causal logic in one take
 To be the causal in organic sense;
 Make me then felt as Moirai or Norns make
 Me Parcae or Monkey in tangible tense
 Primevally a seer for a seeress' sake
 To oracle and be oraclist at once.

LII

Make me Thy bowl and a recipient
 Thy vessel and pre-server of Thy flow.
 Make me agitated by a moon's throw
 In a crescentade eternally bent
 In a chronically sprained gradient
 With a bosom of Light on every here
 Informed with a formula to and fro
 Between Cyclic time and blood circulant
 In pre-ordained roles of woman and man
 As the holiest and violent besides
 In fundamental war of treated plan,
 Silent, bitter, pitiless asides,
 As yearning for the world, the dust and tan
 Of the several Childbeds and cradle tides.

LIII

The seas crest and trough, the whole dendrophis
Begin the dance of seduction in hoods;
The mazy coils swell marking the moods;
Exhausting a hiss, and thin as sleek guess;
What a yoke of breath! What a sleeplessness!
In wavy worldless waltz vilva air broods;
Motherly southerly thro' a chink intrudes
And the many eyed chintz like a seeress
Forecasts the breeze in terms of beginless breath
To toss nenuphar and a lotus stalk
Tossing the sky and subtle soma's girth
To win the heedless head, the sovereign mark
Or to take the tail with a stoa's worth
With sky-and-soil's counsel in cross talk.

LIV

Seated upon a needle's tip, a Thought,
Past periods lying over against
One another, now darkly groping fast
Now drowsy with deeds and gay deedless naught
Snugly ensconced in ancient lotus ghat
Appreciating the abyss betwixt
The Sky and Soil now but superposed
On the threshold of a deep wakeless 'What'
Promising a distant duration
In a forceful symbolism clever
Now empty, deep, grand and obsidian
Now timeless art-store as Delta's cover
With a floral evolution under Sun
Like a ranging root or grain does discover
A profound like between here and heaven.

LV

Can sky impugn the primacy of earth?
Or lurk in the deeps of primeval rights
Over the plant-side of the soil traits
Pre-religious and ecstasied in mirth?
O! what blue stupefaction and so forth
Against a spring, tree, stone or star or night
Against every numen vouchsafed straight
Sunk in abeyance for undiscovered worth!
You know the causes, still you can't set free
The constant contradiction in Being
From the conjunctures of rites really
Like as a dance or stasis for seeing
Well withdrawn from Time and destiny
To the terminus, a late form of seeing

LVI

Where is the suture line I search in vain!
Is His Left blue or Her Right red in hue?
Denebola and Betelgense in view?
What physiognomy in soft incline?
O, ostensible inner form! a mien
A gait an aspect whatsoever due
To be hid thus giving an alert clue
To Lotus-lily enveloped corolline
Myriad petal'd inner whorl of flora
Housing some protyle to beget all form!
A son inly made from osculant awe
As a sixer of light from Pleiades' charm
Nestling the hump of Taurus in a draw
Slow like a dash of planxty cool and calm.

LVII

Be this Pritvi trans-sensuously present
As the ideal maze of the intended
As coiled serpent on a moist bed
Of sleeping alluvia, quiet, unrent
By this nude seed or sensuous development
Or the doom of waters which by oars led
By floats and boats ensouled introverted
Beneath the drapery of Soma bent
On its depth-experience of moolaadhaar
That tiny-cella-feel, the dark nothing
That enveloped moment in the vaulted far
Within and inward as emphasized ring
Of a vessel as thought of from a star
Below, up, under close outer casing!

LVIII

Does the nenuphar bear the mark of beat
With the grand cycles of the dusty stars
With the female side of the moon or mars
Of some night or spring or warm tropic heat
Some lily, equinox or melos-sweet?
While fickle human mind nudges the bars
Of tense, polarities of light, of scars
Of wound and weapon, battle and retreat!
The flower blows as spring, blood, sex, tide and race
And water-deep, it cycles the crank of Time
But mine eye too wary in twilight haze
Kneads the pauseless petals, never past their prime
In their wakeful state of the floral pace
Linking destiny, yuga and its mime.

LIX

Two dances I read one and its converse
 The hetero and the homo cosm,
 A thought, a visual thought, in a whim
 A fabric of logic, a lit world in verse;
 A band of senses apt to rehearse
 Bands and rings of light on a rim
 Of bridge between presences interim
 With corporeal or covert eye-Sight.
 What lame limp on earth, a spastic mimicry,
 Gesture or emphasis that my utterance is!
 What sovereignty of the eye, that I see
 More see the valued light, its abstract ease
 Its thought-designates, thought-elect to free
 My understanding from sensation's tease!

LX

Is the soma-less Churner in action
 That the subtle rizomes beneath the mud
 Lit by the gleaming eyes veined red,
 Wake up to the world in a cross of fun!
 Senses conquered readily submit when
 The unarmed manmatha have them sped
 Those five of buds as dart-heads spring gales fed
 With disturbing Lotus first in the run.
 The seed of desire breaks open and melts
 In hexagon upon a poorja leaf;
 Red oleanders shower; Honey wells
 The bow and the dart lock in one brief
 Look and grace of the Eye-begotten shells
 When mind turns and churns mind to a sea-reef

LXI

Creatrix! without a vis-a-vis with you
Is All my Right Inertia, moveless,
Fossil irrational materialis?
Yet-unrelieved stone or frieze or statue?
With you but I'm becoming a soaring fugue
A functionary fivefold to non-plus
Time and space and cause and surge for all-ness
A pure poor proclaiant open to view
Statics, symbol, phallus, iconodule,
All causing cause, grace unto the last,
Indra, Brahma, et al, verba et al
Triliteral monad mystic holding fast
To get their hermeneutic birth-right or role
Propitiating to pen your hidden vast.

LXII

Soma-wise, Verba-wise, indriya-wise
Would you let me follow my thoughtless choice
Of options to locate that secret voice
In your middle and pen the hidden guise
By light, dark, drape, guess, every tries,
Or pan the ostensible contours or ploys
That colour or counter innerly buoys
Floating a secret evidencing rise
Now as memoir 'tween delta down and up
Between sentiments and sacred scripture
As one I-know-not-field, a great hiccup
Of analytical thought, its stricture
In an envelop in unconvey'd step
Towards yours, a draperied picture!

LXIII

Into thy garden please let me roll.
 You like a moon companied by women
 Wheel in view for me in Sripuram then
 Grant me coral eyes as isles of atoll.
 May I gather auric dust and shoal
 On thy carpet-walk incarnadine
 That I may Big-bang them all by one sign.
 And dance upon a paradigm of a whorl
 Of seven and seven-worlds ever over head
 Such orbs myriad poised on the seshan-hood
 Or I may pulver all to an ash bed.
 And sprinkle the talcum dust on cosmic-Brood
 O! auric-alluvia-rich cradle-steed!
 Unscience me into your Rtus subdued.

LXIV

Shall I wait on Vasantha or Sharat?
 For I deem thy dust diamentiferous,
 Feet-pollen with a high refractive muse
 Scattering me into a million hues!
 Ma walk thy soft feet lotus'd in a breath,
 Now, tripping, come, abide, nestle in mirth,
 Of breezy morn in laasyam as you choose,
 Come ninefold clad and deck'd in honey dews
 Of pearly lustre unfastening, but,
 Like that distant celebrate starry eye
 Would you let me gaze and think thy thud
 E'ery step a cunning stroke for eightfold weal?
 Would I then listen to the nenuphar bud
 Plop open on a Crystal- Pond and feel
 A long progeny unbroken well bred
 And ancestry in a ceaseless cereal!

LXV

A shoreless sea an unfixed fathom!
Simile there's none to span its blue.
wordage falls short of the wavelength or hue
Water's mejesty! un-rest-samudram.
Cycles stopless of births looking glum
Floats locusless, immersions lone a new
Shackling anchorage, drownings o'erdue
Flaws triple in maya, a fee-faw-fum
Scaring pull-down, depriving by
This or that osculant snare or dread or threat.
Turn Thy dust, gem me for to kiss a plenty;
Be Earth foison and let dark flee my heart-let.
Boar cosmic, - like its tusk and try,
Lift me, O' feet-veins, and angle in thy net.

LXVI

O! multiple maternity close to heart
Nodding no hand-sign, -no-dread nor boon
But with foot-prints you beseem, -I swoon
Into a sleek surrender for my part.
Can Hands labour for thy Labouring Art
Or drop me into Himmeleh's perilune?
Where can I search for that silvery-rune
Or coppery-plate or Poorja-Green-Start
To start an alphabet or a circlet,
Simply decking it petall'd nine or eight
Studding one by one with ears of corns, but
Would it be the seed-moneme of Thy might
Of fire-base of Thy lute with many a fret.

LXVI-A

Does the sage sit there in dormancy
 As ash-heap still pullulating the slime
 Of this delta with eyes moist to mime
 A fall of the Swan-white dew to the sea
 Of tidal moves of a festive body;
 Ah! the unbodied Bliss prosodies its rhyme
 Of a back and forth thud on flowering time
 Sightless season, reason, chariot, breezy;
 A dart-start; eye-gleams; Grace round the corner
 Day Night involutes; Once I hear the ray
 Its smear on my rocky frame down to err
 And diagram a hexagonal play,
 Of foreplay auric or of leaves astir
 Oozing a red-oleander'd honey-bay!

LXVII

Eternal youth, many gemmy girdled gold
 Waist atinkle, rippling, chiming a sweet lisp!
 Calf-Elephant must, librating moon's cusp
 Come in a pair! rounded O'erfold on fold
 In a green grammatical lapse retold
 Down to your Tripura! milk O' the wisp!
 To go curdled by a no churner's grip
 Marmulade! Butter, A bend in the ranges warm and cold

(Sugar canes grow;

Ropes unroll;

Flowers fall;

Why spear me!)

Are you the alter-ego of the creator?

Or the alter-I condemning me wondering

சொல்லடி சிவசக்தி Me a fraction, a fever,

Enter seed-letters in my heart's ring

And raise the animus to this outhouse-care

Of me and lurch me fore'er unageing.

LXVIII

Aren't I a penman, a pensive man
And you my penswan aflutter in zeal
And thine a zealot in open field?
Then, Spin this space as a wheeling fan
On a full-moon-dark, in yellow tan
Of earth's amber-bosoms'-betweens to yield
Petals microfined ninefold and viscid
Aeonic, and Time-begetting. Kalpakas stand
Above; below woods of Katamba and gemmy isles,
Swerga-gem, a lapidary-styled cot
Four square-bed of lips and logo's smiles.
The serpent stirs to sol, selene and to naught
Then slips, coils, steeps back in its guiles
Of Fire-Sun-Moon-Mercurially fraught
With pneuma within, the hissing sushumna.

LXIX

Is my head thy moon or such a silver plate
Carved myriad, petal'd red amid the lobe
With prints of tender feet watering the robe
Of thousand beats and pulses to intimate
Through a sleepy, shy, reticent krait,
The 'lixir of life, mind, word, body-probe
In a pendulous swing of desire-bob!
Are you slid down to a ringed Zone's debate
O'er rapid and cliff in pythonic pluck
Aye! Kuntalamandala, Lotus-root
Knee-Knee-deep, subtle fibre'd feather-duck
Soft to this Lotus-eater's eager brute
Shook off sleep, scared of ophitic work
In its sizzling creep to pyro-cute.

LXX

Do circles six revolve within my gross
 From fundamental to firmamental,
 From Cthonian to aeonian spell??
 Seems, it rains, and Good Earth smells hier dross
 Soil-spiced; rise as sap waters across
 The knotted tree; flame-palate paint the portal
 To the windy bourne for floral Thenral
 Resounding in the sky between the brows.
 Voco-Visuo-auro-verbo-causal
 Word, deed, mobile, end and seat in a feat
 Begins the Mind, holds Pritvi, stones gleam-fill;
 Crosslines trap the crate; auditory treat
 The utter limit; and the knot; and lull
 Lightning earths within sedating a beat.

LXXI

Ens-Encircled, is this the Body?
 Dermo, haemo, fibro, fabro-ash
 Marrow, Leuco, Vita, liver-clash
 Cover, clangour, clandestine a tree
 Spot-like, spheric nine-point circle bzee-
 Bzeeing in breeze; Pritvi starts a dash
 Maaya wins, unto Sadasiva: a splash
 The egg-egg and the Big-Egg O! Sivasakthi
 Methodologically confine me
 In four and forty forts of trackless thought
 And artifice this frisking fishy eye
 In a pin-up of homogeneous naught
 To ingather all my alluvial lie
 Into the Sun-less holy holy-glot.

LXXII

Beauty unique! The comparatist dies,
the collective synaesthesia fail;
What its arcanum is! Sehses reel;
The poet-to-poet pathetically tries;
A celestial danseuse in hers train cries
In vain to long for infinitesimal
Of such and such past pleasure or appeal
And faint in concert on a delta'd dais;
A mystic trigono-rama, a curl
A shred of fragrant lock; peduncle fibre;
A simile to simile; unguess'd whirl
Of melt-moon-sea rough in anthesis-hour
Shaking a silken wavy weave of pearl
In liquid love, in wordless fast forever.

LXXIII

Six Lingas stand; arrow'd silex stones rare;
And eyes leer, loiter round the corner
Travel and fall on a primitive cur
And the old cur dies to rise as Big Bear
Circling, circling Sunwise, ursa Major
As unprecedented practitioner
As upanishadic interpreter
Without standing above the winding stair
Of spiral thought, and spectacular haste
Up, down the scale of tones and semi-tones
Like a streak of blue-ray over the crossing waist
Line, a latitude imagined in the zones
Calling for a hermeneutic taste
And lingas hear anemophilous-moans.

LXXIV

Flames, rays, phases, circle, light and cover
 I weep, smile, secrete continentally!
 Loam unborn! effulgent grains wave lengthly!
 Fire-service. Red giant. Cosmic shower
 From a hide-out a liquid lingodbhavar
 Again more and more flame tongue-twistingly
 Irking logos, stage, cage umbilically,
 Eight and hundred, a sacred count of power
 A column of air darting up and there
 There, there, there, there, there, there, there,
 there, there, there ,
 Your feet-pair, thud-pair, pulse-pair, beat-pair
 Red rays to turn a levorotatory fair
 As one inner left for one inner share.

LXXV

Grant me poesy, poesy suigeneris;
 A moon in Sarat, pearly white
 Rajas dies, Tamas dies, I hear thy gait
 Crest-Moon exudes nine-stone-opal of bliss.
 Feet-digits, great, reign; aurum-crowning kiss.
 Temples feel the boon, the unaffrighted light;
 A book opens; crystals garland; beads indite
 Words-round-the-corner-eye rings grow amiss
 On the Karmic bed. Pseudomorphose me.
 May alphabets obey and fain combine,
 To my wish and philharmonically
 Fall to honey, milk, grape, and vine
 Celebrating a fruity slavery
 Unto me, mine, and all human kine.

LXXVI

Aruna on the Lotus, Hibiscus red.
A tiwirling rope of love, a spear-eye
A rain-bow syrup, a floral boquet,
A quiver of boons a dreadless thud,
A chain crystalline, a tantra sacred,
Trine-eyed fire lashing athanasy
Rippled with seeds-gnosis sportively
Mother alphabets tend in hues love-bred
Let me drink and bibe this wordy spring
And dote on her bosomy hegemony
Like as a chatter-bird on a wing
Of love aflutter, more like a Chakoree
In free flight, charter'd to fling
Cadences, red-drops of Arun-artery!

LXXVII

Never-near-Ideal Sempiternal!
Halasya Kshetra! Royal roads!
Tusker's tread! Long promenades and codes,
Of Earth-vent; none can but see thy spell
Fish-eyed Queen; enticing gates open to tell
Of thy fort of Sripuram; rounded nodes
Reachless in-shade like choric trin odes
On bhoota, bhavishya, Vartamanakaal
To reflect, rehearse, reify in abstract
In plenitude, in cantatory lights,
In ichorous weal of temper and tact!
A route-march of spermic siderites!
Spiritus mundi come close in thy Act
Gesturing me to coral gulfs and straits!

LXXVIII

The Sun rises red; and the fair skin glows
Floodlighting the flesh worlds dipped in saffron.
Attitude adjusts the householder's ken
The flower, the plant bathed in a light blows
With a meaning to go to one who knows;
Desire bays; the moon arches space in one
Swim from its gibbus through the dropless drone
Of the blue and the white, galaxy shows;
Mind turns not aberrant in body-love
In the endangering red of cautious eye
And the chink'd towers house many a dove
To flutter and row in a limpid sky
Turning away from the promiscuous trough
Of light polarized luring by and by.

LXXIX

O! the lips of face argent to the point
Pigmented punctiliously to beam
Upon my eye a flood of rays red adream
Behind the veil of sleep, draped and joined
To the blue of sky and white of snow-coined
Himmeleh with peaks of illumed seam
In frothy milk-ganga's rafting stream
Adown it slips between the pails to anoint
My lactic, green-thought, uncurdled by lust,
My infancy to go suckled forever;
My seed-Innocent, my somatic gust
Of the Pranic Phases of the seed-hour;
When the diaphanous opens up to test
The enviability of a nimbus of power

LXXX

An aquila sings with its nosy white
Gainst the looking-blue sky with its noteworthy eye
Driving and destroying the hard, harsh wry
Fevers and phagadaenic strokes and fright.
Aren't I that aquila to drink thy light
Of myriad wave lengths-triggering ray
After ray to melt into sentiments and whey
Pouring a coolth through Moon-stones straight
Into my cup of heart and please every move
Of limbs, serpentine, mazy, waiting for a vision.
Aquila tells, Life-sentences and love
The orbs frisk, fevers reign and venom in action
But ash-spear ashed and offer'd now
Shall annul e'ery ill and annex me into thy faction.

LXXXI

This gross is no soul nor am I big;
Though off Big Bang sprung I desire none
Nor disdain nor dread an end or moan
O'er this miss or that in this yuga of one leg.
Let me hang on like telescopists' tag
For a swim of light-flash, subtle in tone
Striking me down with a charge in the cone
Of a sky mine eyes scoop from the keg
Of Earth on which I sit watch watch
Would egg after egg be hierarchically toss'd
Like as a petall'd forest of lotus to unlatch
In which murmuring word-bees be ever lost.
Thick woody-crowded-pistill'd wisdom's catch
In a moony trope of thought Mathura to host.

LXXXII

How can you be hailed when you me become!
The deed and the doer so complex'd,
Compiled, into a cogruent text,
That this 'I' vanish into the dome
Decreed by this or that script in votive foam
Of a case arbitrarily called an egg into a nest
Or flight into the air-ship or waters vortex'd
Aren't I caught in such a Queendom
That I may be empowered in thy reign
This little me, a tall sandal tree
Outbreking an earthern slope in labouring pain
This little spermicule an elephant in spree
Hugging the trunks and crags of a mountain

LXXXIII

Somakala Crowns the face I wait for;
A gust of red outcrystalling the right
As breasted spirit in gyres of light,
In a gentle bow for a royal core
Blows off immemorial times of yore,
Times of an auric past and auric court
Censor'd to eye, to report or to sport;
Time to intuit o'er a wear of years more,
In uncured look of love for look of care
In a triumph of thud well retained
Past the structurally gorgeous 'There'.
Above the feet whate'er waxed waned
In a transcient trot of conjugated share
Of Lasyam, of upturn'd bosom find!

LXXXIV

In thy brows the wave-pair dance a measure
whence the transverse and longitudinal
Start and stifle the maya and its swell
Of the wrath of a creative pressure
Of the path of a protective azure
Of coma that kills the chine of animal
And the creeper brows beat the beautiful
And Earth's stronghold solicitous sure
Directs the half-kill'd chine and the chase
Or the desired instinct of a guile
Like as harvest winds waft the patch of maize
Or horse-trotting waters link camomile
To its overleaping dew, matting lights lays
Swaying always my brown-study-isle.

LXXXV

Let my wrath-path-sloth crawl near thy feet!
And hear the five faced muffle dopplered
For still the distance rages unstopper'd
Like vellum's diffusion of a sandal-heat
Fevering the frail frame incomplete
To a final distortion doubly stir'd
By barefoot love and plumed pride empowered
Inly to snare me to an inner treat!
Would you let me covet what I could become
On seeing thy feet, one lifted step alone
That I may never turn my intents dumb
That chance universe of joy is never never gone
That this square of dance is turn'd to the tattoo of drum
Disturbing Kamala with a dub and drone.

LXXXVI

Unintelligible ends; ends the rage;
And the path and the sloth, ends every swoon;
The Moon is God's Honey, halved in the noon;
What an ooze of rock-time from a peri-stage!
My conjecturing eye inside its cage
Of winkless lids long for live long lune
Or peri-lune for a blanch or flowers strewn
At these feet thine, secretive pair-mage
A full fortnight of a marvantra
Ends here in the ruffle of aching words
By taps on the five faced tabla
And the air snuffs sandal and royal swords,
Civet either side yoking this Yuga
Ordering Kali's close and the Kites of Soul-birds.

LXXXVII

Shall I inquire into this word-lotus,
A chiliad of flowers for me to chair
A sedan of petals segmented fair
For me to chant, sign, sing, offer and dress
In circum-ambulations numberless
To fall prostrate before you and praise the air
And earth that suckle my tumultuary share
Of life betokened for embrace and press
With you, your thought, the perfect circle new
Seeking the sky's invoking quietude
While Kamala terraces the sky's blue
In a folded-in repose of a mood
Like a closed nenuphar closed to view
The precipitating birth or its brood!

LXXXVII-A

All language turns into a chant and song,
And gestures reflex'd sign the signs away,
Ambling legs describe the corridors and play
Up the worshipping floral passion strong
Outtiming time by strides before long;
And a sleeping hour as a longer stay
At thy feet foam prostrating night and day
And whatever amuses right or wrong
Alters itself into act of praise
Of your main frame and my prime concern
For what else could lift this low me and raise
To import words into the word I learn
Till yon hanging moon and her cusp'd base
Blaze my prying into an amort turn!?

LXXXVIII

Thine ear sports a discus, a wheeling ring!
And then glows my venom blush'd in blue!
What a perfect polar moon to view?
Your lovely left fends my Right cowering
Its imblued half-gifted dark glistening
Well matched, to your red to flank a new
What is caught twixt your ring and my clue
To a longevity of Time deep plunging
Star by star in recursive Blue-Red shift
To have a universe of cepheids rebuilt
To re-have inert space aloft in space-lift
Dropping one ray transfluid and spilt
Creeping close to this beholder's rift
In dozing perception with timid guilt

LXXXIX

What girdles of fire amid Sun and Moon!
The moon yellow in a ringlet of sleep!
I hear the Sun quenching the thirsty deep -
Of a sky of a heart beating in the noon
Of unbraced sinews of joy jejune;
The simile-bird with its silvery peep
Of sushumna sapphired in the sleep
Of ruby-red intones of flowing tune;
My soma stirs not like a vase brimming
With evergreens watered by wet air-spell
Draining the heat, with honey-bees steeping
Thier murmurous tresses in the tank full,
Beating unseen wings fit to touch my thing
Of lily-snap-joy on nenuphar's shelf.

XC

Lead my reflex-soul thro' a viewless route
Where thy fine pollen fall-out oscillates
Now like a pullover'd sky with its gates;
E'erywhere the same pollen spills to shoot
Opening its branched wonders bearing fruit,
And now gravity acts not on the skates
Of thought-pair mass-less rolling as plates
Of patented Pritvi, many Merus' root,
Heavier now, frisking to its locus-will
Desiring anything down to experience,
Enticing worlds-all by an iota-hill,
Disciplining the order of Beings and Ens,
O! you pitch your octagonal centre still.

XCI

Four power four circum-tricks and more
Of Siva-lila to 'chicane' the world;
Sculpture into picture deceptive hurled;
Ghats show'd, elements coalesced in the core
Proxied eight-polymorphosed in a pore
of genesis-desire in luni-ness roll'd
Soporifying day; snaring manifold
Deities, stablishing them along the shore
To split a heart, fugitivizing the hood
By differentia to reach the top
Altering the left for right of a Brood
To occult and coil the cogito up
To cupola by step-leap, ens-endowed
For alchemy, vacuum walk, Veena, God's hop!

XCII

Such cantations distil the flower dew;
Sun-lit bamboo-sky scaffolds the hive,
Meaning hinges trans-letter'd in a drive,
Showing sixteen sempiternals in view.
The peri-lunar cingulum features a few.
Sixteenth is the girdle auric alive
With the rest as its limbs to derive
A mean to wax by moon from the new
To the full in opposition. Fifteen eye
Kamala's Genesis preferential
Deperpetualizing this world-in-sky,
Donning this drape of Blue in the fill
Of Earth in tremor of amor by and by
To evolve in my heart's seam from the full
Eye dream, scream, hreem!

XCIII

Copper'd beads, tromontane thought minted plate,
 Of gold in folded hands held aloft,
 Now higher power'd exponential; soft
 Thud like feel of a shower sedate,
 In stair-case condescension to mate
 With this assoiled me, impearls oft
 To suckle mine own eyes with lustré-drop,
 Dripping from honey-comb from heaven's gate!
 Ah! me! I sink in thy bosom adream;
 The beaded copper tells the rhythmic rune;
 The heart palpitant hums its enthememe;
 The digits commute the letters overstrewn;
 The trigonal home-cenote wells up agleam
 In a wink within the swollen lids of lune!

XCIV

Sun-Moon. Eyes become pails of rising breasts.
 Times' assembly from Aries to Pisces.
 Angular cones of planetary press.
 From Numen on a developing gust.
 Word onward gnostic-pollen-pour of dust.
 Mind to Matter block'd as Soma to bless.
 Especial resonance in breath's guess.
 Crescent-halves in syzygy impressed.
 Prasna features six and ten to shine.
 Gama-sparks as beings fly figureless.
 Arrays Nine, Circled-Nine, angled-Nine
 Enwombed, zodiac'd! What a morphosis!
 What pair-sentiments partless bold, fine!
 What juicy Moon-Sun fruit-twins' Kenosis!

XCV

Inly worship. Nine-point-circled Heaven!
Air veers widely. Experiential moves.
Sepals four, six, eight, ten, twelve loves
And twain mid-brow lilting to chiliad's Ken.
The firmament is fallen on the fen.
What locations, progressions in the nows
And thens from moola to haalaasyaa! Hows-
I-know-not trouble and tremor this denizen.
I belong to this pure mudless mud!
Uncaused, uncausing, pauseless universe
In action, energy well affected.
I-He feel shrinking inward into stirs
Kalatti to Tillai to Aaroor Thud.
Wheel-Mud-Clay-Pot-Kiln-flame-scud-play-sky-verse.

XCVI

O! How I wonder what you are! Mid-brow
A nubile circle of commandment,
Brow-beaten, I stand to meet in the rent
Of sky on this tank waterful, of show;
Synchrony. Sui luminis! Moon-Sun know.
Sun-unlit, star unlit, Ever effulgent.
No eyes can see, no scopes, no instrument
Can cross-Wire this circlet, this Occult O.
This-Thou, See! Parasiva inundates.
Kaasi! Brows ARch. Waves on either or Side!
Crores of birth-birth aeons, gate-way gates,
Hinged, open'd; peripety fore-tried
My meek pair of eyes. Tune me, My long crates
Of sound surging from the ant-hill side.

XCVII

Quite like a bird you hold me by my nape.
 spotless crystal feel. Out from the root-dark
 I emerge. Nidifugous. Bzee-bzee-arc
 Of a trial flight. No error. No escape
 Moon-sun Connubium. Sol-selene Scape.
 Perdix Rufa! Disc drips-drip, drip, drip, hark!
 Clock Cordial. Cackling red geese park,
 In the blue feminine firmament-stripe
 Bathing in auric yellow, camomile,
 Coming handy as light internal,
 The red-shift-partridge adance in a smile
 Coos, loved to tell, in throated ease full,
 Such beads of small-time in moon-dial
 Letting light-dews in the floretted cell.

XCVIII

Aaroora! anascasarca, I become;
 Swan-pair feed on the petals.
 Flower-squeeze. Aren't I athirst or else
 Descending into airy bourne and come
 By this lotussarovar to float a sperm
 And ovum that inly buoy with a pulse
 Felt close to pericordium. In the wells
 Hid in waters are heard ad infinitum
 The swans confabulating lactic sweet
 Aflutter on the milk of Kamalalaya
 With the hug and hum of suckling treat;
 Beyond, the cow agraze, uberous, ah!
 The Swans are no mere birds neither white feat
 Of rush! but hush! Sivam-Sivai see-saw.

XCIX

Milk-tank. Swan-heat. Octagonal cenote.
Ash is wet. Time now opens its eye.
Numina resolve; sighted wrath. Sigh!
Milk-moistened lip and lid-I dote
On and on. Numina rise up by rote.
Wrath abides. Cenote encloses, ash dry.
Little changelings inside the gross cry.
Deep immerse. Drink potfuls, and you bloat.
The cryer cries for the Moon and gets it.
There is no crying for the moon here,
For moons to waters move and deposit
Their slim-rayed-waistlines to endear
This beatless me by a tickle implicit
In orniscopist-signifier sphere!

C

Dwarf'd amber-sun-untouched heatless scud.
Scud, water turns, at once, thirst departs.
In threefold-rain, a four and sixty arts.
Sadasiva-umbrage; opens up the bud
Heating bedewed. And all furies are fled,
Divine or soul-bourne or of soiled sorts.
But lightning strays longer in darting darts.
Pitch-Dark dissolves in Oxymoronic dread
Of Dark. What round nimbus lightning fast!
Stable streaks of light. Aurum-bow on show
Rain-grain-chain-gain-straining liquid gold-cast.
In deeps of Kolaar is heard the rumble now,
And I loll by this scud-thud rolling tossed.

CI

Triangle. Time-Bliss in a duel concert.
 Smart moves. Great steps. Eternal conjugals!
 Sentiments brew. Atlength devotionals.
 Beings beget the pair! Sameness, insert.
 Stasis, Seat, beauty, name performing spurt.
 Undifferentiate oneness withal.
 Ruddy form. Hibiscus red. Sanguine. Well,
 A fusion-power in eye to eye eyeness.
 The crystal carmine combine to glow;
 What transparent formicary to dress
 A layered eye of mine spiralling to know
 The deeps of this hill, its foot, its press!
 Term it aurum: Drum: five faced: theorbo!

CII

Ram to Fish: a dozen Suns are ablaze
 Spewing gems and crystals activised
 Girding the auric crown dynamized
 To tilt a moon or notch a node in wary gaze
 Red to Red in a round about and chase
 Of light spinning itself so disguised
 In the dark of a bow of space poised
 Between the brows holding a vase always
 With flowers, flakes, flints and fleeing light
 Radiating its crepuscular rays
 To paint and pattern thy dancing floor
 In chequer'd mosaic, in a chevy chase
 Showing thy foot print and trot and slow gait
 Of shade and heart in its carapace.

CIII

Nenuphar-scent; Diffusion; A soft bounce;
Air vibrates, digits-strung; Musings;
Exploding flower-crowd-cloud of wings
Draping a dark blotting the frowns
And fumes of births' all-odorous zones
Girding the lines of bind and bickerings
Internal within my soul's bouting rings;
O! more menuphars. Bees verse. Allophones!
Kalpaka trees bloom, borrow, bay and blaze
In all-hues red to red or from blue to blue
Thud, tap, squaring feet by feet in a maze
Of more thuds and taps joined by a drum's due;
Psittacine sweet lispings; horse neighs;
What trots, taps, turns! The tank sizzles to view.

CIV

Bee-ing! Lotus - anthers out! shreds adance,
The crown wears the head! Does the flower turn
Apivorous! or do the bees hum and burn
The fires of passion bedwed by such chance.
Universe orb'd, lit, in a transcendence?
I-know-not-being. Mine eyes do, do yearn
For the secretive mid-brow taciturn
Languager! Word-meaning-in-substance
Within break-upless union, clothing
Each other in shyness of skep or speech.
The hummer-bee buzzing a three-in-one thing
Blowing cool the lotus pollen to bleach
The dire-red-ire-star by un-distancing,
What light divides by travel but levels by reach!

CV

Instinct in the heart of ascending sun,
 Trapp'd between the bleak arrows of the black
 Holes as strings of points linear'd in the rack
 Of a sky too old to indulge in this fun!
 Your beauteous lustre'd mien often
 Glows within the eye of nenuphar-stalk
 Waving the wind, winding the wave and walk
 Round this tank-bed reflecting my ken!
 Now your thud reminds; Reached is the reachless
 By restraint, rest and yoke; and saved
 Is the saveless by conservation to bless
 This life with a flux; these waters waved
 And wave to behold the moon of a guess
 Built-in amid sun cordial red rayed.

CVI

What a reciprocal of a crescent
 Showering honey-dew for this bird
 Of outstretch'd wings of thought to gird
 The cupola of over-sky ever bent
 On the un-own'd earth (of whose) ne'er spent
 Aswim with its lunar-cell'd sphere plus curd
 Of a white cloud adrift as occur'd
 Between the convex-concave complement.
 Hyper-para bola. Magian inversion!
 The perfect round results. Annular love!
 King and almanac shudder in fun!
 Many a chakor turn many a dove
 To flutter the full on new moon none
 Melting myriad moons in orgied now.

CVII

Archer's grip. Mid-brow. Nenuphar smell.
The arc and the chord. An-archery!
Shines the moon pearly pale over the tree
Ever green imblued by lily-smile
What a sub-floral torsion! what tricky guile
To convey the 'sorge' of this simile
Of unbroken bow-brow-pair-wielderess-bee-
String as strumm'd, pulled chord. The style
Is the deity. Askesis in a poise
Of floral float, one seater, solo,
In love and concern for the being's joys
And their inferior converse high or low!
Let mine eyes flit on the mind-index-voice
An ocular proof of a frozen flow.

CVIII

Twilight is fire. A double dammerung!
Dawn and dusk in between the Sun and Moon.
Trine eyed supremo! your half-lit rune
Is gem-cut on the léeped yard-cow dung
smear'd holy, comely, kolam'd with flung
Pin-shots of light from stars sooner than soon
Heaping rays in a bee-skep of a dune;
And my beatless heart in a way had sung
This fulcrum-fire fane of a fore-temple
Writing scripted light in a vein'd way!
The coolth and warmth in a picked simple
Of light exuding kindness! Discus! Day
Night, Libration, harmonic to sun; dimple
Spinning moons; eyes open to unsay.

CIX

Inflorescence! Half open or half shut
 Sedating through smile of eyes auspicious,
 Upstream dawning of grace given to guess,
 Cornering the seers by throwing, but
 Wooing, befriending in a sleepy rut
 Moving pupils o'er the cornea to press
 Forward on the looker with an agape's stress,
 Speaking, drawn long, broad, open, wide; and strut
 Performing, outnèupharing the flower
 Fused with nymphae, honey'd in the wake,
 Hooded pudicity witching the 'hour'
 For the quenching of the thirsty's sake,
 Capitalling in a triumph of tower
 Like pre-eminence eightfold in one take.

CX

Your eyes leer to either extreme with ease
 And shower such darts sending the foes sleep.
 Star-time. Jealous Orion. Sirius peep
 Into the warfield. Triumph-apartmentees.
 Eyes protect the people and whiff a breeze,
 Of perfumed magnanimity sky deep,
 Civeted, sickled to solitary-reap;
 Cutting eye-lids; a harvest of plenties;
 Goddesses entice e'ery vagrant soul
 To eye your beaming cross-referring sight,
 To feel how eye's arresting turn of role
 Petrifies the foes conjoined in one might
 Sol-ly entrapped in a thoughtless fix to foul
 Their aberrant array and leap as light.

CXI

Eyes listen, style, blink, bibe the nectarine.
Honey-bees hum and suck to their fill;
The floral poesy's set to thud and thrill;
Bee-pair hum home; earshot; vespertine;
A melodic, Sportive flitting in line
With the notations of prosodic drill;
Ends the sport; gynoecium; entelechy-spill-
-Over; eye-lover, ear-lover form the twin
As folded fore arms servitoring to pray
For a bliss of tele-sight, eye-opening
To gaze beyond the limits of love-inlay;
There flowers in a tropism turn to wing;
Moon-lit-petal-collectors of acosmic ray
Kohl-like, adance as perianth nodding.

CXII

Desire become gaze now dreads the other
Other than the Ens, now shying away
Grieving, Sighing, jealously o'er the play
Of fellow-desire flowing from ether
Down to make a sea in tidal tether
To moon and sun and fire in a tri-way
And fire-gazing gaze marvels to bay
The selene in a miracle-feather-
Race of chakors fast fearing the node
Of ophitic stare encountering in a war
Of sloven revelation in a cross of star
-Lit sky pouring pathos thro'pores of grace-cloud
That our Pritvi woos by her sarovar.

CXIII

Iris feathered arrows! calyxed eyes!
 Looking canthus-ward! Avert me to yours.
 Mine of crow-feet perch in shadow-verse
 Of your speaking cilia of star-winked-skies;
 Palpebrally in periods, in pure praise
 Of thud-power to Parasara in me. Curse
 Withers. Askesis; Eros, and whatever errs
 Finally wither to nenupharize
 Every eye feasting in its cenacle
 Between the arrow and the eye runs a line
 Of difference double; the former's kill
 Is the latter's love. and to pen consign
 Your looks my 'vagrancy o'er the pinnacle
 Of mountain-snow flowering in moon-shine.

CXIV

Black Kohl! Cornea Milky! Lunular-Red
 Aadirai-shift. Collyrium-tremens. Breed-time.
 Vision. Beings sigmoid in cover. Eggs exclaim.
 Shells break. Scattering. Centrifuge. Instead
 Of fleeing, matter clots in your homestead
 From fractional to transcendental, Prime
 To ultimate, omneity to claim;
 Carmine red veins stripe the sky, Betel-Red.
 Srishti, Sthithi, Pralaya, Thud, Thud, Thud.
 Cordial taps; Entelechy-change abed
 On serrate move of a marine toss
 Of a spring tide; lingulate, spotted
 Folds of edged luvia pre-neap acerose.

CXV

Ganga-Lactic droops east on her milk-way;
Blue-black Jamuna follow eastward ho;
River-auric overflows west mid-brow;
Styled thus, 'T-rivers' vein the triple eye-play;
Glacier white, fluvial dark, azure outlay,
To cut a deltoid debouching fellow
With alluvion consequent to know
Orient-Occident-Obsequent essay
Of headwaters and thy reach to feel the bores.
The zigzag upstream suck, the reserve line;
The beacon-across meets the crossing pores;
Tritons, rock chips, rapids, humps of land, mine,
Junction of slips plus access and mores
On the viatic feeder mews of incline.

CXVI

Eyes open; neunuphars bloom; spring equinox;
Eggs, the shells break; seed sprouts; vagitis
Ebbs, the first cry. Whole live-stock; Night is
Day-dreaming; a lid-closure on the rocks
Codulius cordiflora knocks;
Surabhanam! Day-Night in dyad's ease;
Trees green; birds wood-peck at the boles to please
Their pileum; stars spy winkless on their walks
Over the belt and the zero to simulate
Thy reading, agni-fying fiery looks!
Ken and creation. Closure and sleep. Sagittate
Shaped to dark in the ovoid-lux,
To twin-spin the creative capitate!
Eye-seeing-as-being. Srishti-Drshti-nux!.

CXVII

Fish-free auric purifier! Tiddler-eyes!
Female fish full fathom lie elsewhere,
In dread of your holy eyes' Quotidian care.
Nenuphars not open, wait on piscine skies
Of night. you hide in the sleep-yoke of guise.
Flower sealed; Eye-fish exit; There and near.
What doors flip open, what shut, what feat!
Bide the open season. Corolla lies.
Wonder-wakeful-lake-view. fadeless petal.
Eyes a-needling the ears to converse
Consult, confabulate! Quetzal-Kotl
As hooded eye with ever open hood stirs
Off the nether-bed of silexed del.
In the press of this thought-priest, I immerse.

PRITVI
A PLAY
A METAPHOR
A SERVICE

By

S.A. Sankaranarayanan

Skies. She resents the "mal" practice of Maal and the swanking of Brahma even. Full Breasted in the kshetra of Aaroor, she sighs when servitors and teachers throng and woo the Lord. The very stars at the time of Aadirai festival come carnate to console her but in vain. She slights them all exempting Abijit. The Lord as a celestial whisper pacifies her, needling her Lotus by a zenithal dew, "informing" her. Pritvi turns hospitable and gravid to receive more of the "agape". Of the stars, Revathi and Anuradha representing a teacher-devotee pair enter the sanctum of Vanmeeka and perform their aanmartha pooja. In the rite, the descent of the Lord to the moolaadhara is felt by Pritvi, and the auric ash fulfils her in an "amurtha" of Time. There then, a Sivacharyar appears and with the stars' sankalpa venerates the Lord. Two student servitors in the corridors read this divine pedagogy.

Author's Note

The opening song of this play is rhythm and beat correspondent with Aaroor Ther's mammoth-move! The echolalia in the middle should be gradually amplified to accost the stellar in an alien sound-language and in a numinous nomenclature.

I have feminized in the personae of Revathi and Anuradha, the two preceptors of excelsior spirit and merit: Thiru T.N. Ramachandran and Thiru K.G. Seshadri like temple twins in one complex. The simultaneity of their on-stage presence, therefore, is a theatrical compulsion.

The astronomical allusions are faithful to my knowledge of Surya-siddhanta. The proscenium and backdrop may hence be suggestively shown with luminous lines of polar longitudes. The chorus-semichorus chants are puranically recursive and proem-like. Any attempt to theaterize this has to subserve the "auditory" imagination proper to the wordage and this must be attested by extra dramatic devices at work from decor to tormentor through a "fine excess".

Sept 1998

SAS



PRITVI

This playlet is a sort of triduan service; and is a metaphor of prayer to the great Teachers, Servitors and AaroorKshetra. *(The opening song is by "Kavi Kokila Dr. V.RAGHAVAN, a True Kamala Tyaga Bhakta" and a Native of Tiruvarur. (Former Head of the Sanskrit Department and cousin of my mother).*

I chose this song for the exordium of this play quite insitinctively from out of the many in the preciously kept scroll of my mother. To me the song seemed to serve as an artifact in one medium while I gestated in mind the form of my play in another; which in a way, I thought could illumine my choice of the song and assist me in the delineation of a common aesthetic suspected to lie beneath the chronotope of the play, namely Aadirai-Aaroor. The hymnic in the song stirred me in star-time and the puer senex in me, such that I could approximate the rhetorical form of my play to the rhapsodic utterance combining words and music in an empathetic rage and subtle arousal. This in fact could critique my tenuous effort as a symbol for subjective participation in the artifact. The eye of the reading audience may like Ptolemy's "Ieman", discerningly undergo an engaged subjectivity in which one would admit the aural iconicity as the price of a selective spotlighting on the chronotope. The song thus would help our gazing on the stage. May we be reminded here of the Greek [Phao] signifying PRITVI as robed in a bower of light, initiating our eagerness for the orphic, flamboyant, paradigm, underway.)

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Pritvi (Earth)

27stars

Revati, Anuradha (Two women devotees)

Sivacharyar

Chorus, Semi-chorus band of women.

PRITVI

*Aaroor Temple,
Vernal Equinox,
The day before Aadirai festival.*

ACT 1

(A chorus of women sing the Lord in the temple precincts. In the background Sama chant like a slender sound track is heard. The song is divinely frenzied. There is a seeding of sounds to effloresce bunching them in beats. The time of the year is tending to spring, Racemes of konrai have appeared in advance.)

Chorus (song)

Tyaaga kamala Tyaaga Vimala
Tyaaga Natana Tyaaga Varadha
Vishnu Hrudhaya Jishnu nagara
Sreepura Sadhanaa! (1)

Charana mayitha mayitha vahutha
Ithapadhayuga muraga sadhrusa
Abhaya varadha karayugamapi
Nahivilokaye! (2)

Tyaagaraaja kinkaromi vatakadham baja
Mandhahasitha mandhadhaya mukuambaje athavaa
Amrutha sisira mruthulahasitha Vilasithaadaaraa! (3)

Gungumugumu nirjarakara nothkira nayanaa
Hasitha jalaja yuvathi dhayitha dhisasusemushi:
Vigatharaaga vigathakaala kalitha sruthi padham
Apararahitha dhaharaviyathi
Natasipadhavibho! (4)

Takkitathaki paata chathura
 Maadhavahasa matthalalaya
 Paamagaswara paata chathula
 Devagaana raajita! (5)

Paavanamuni paarsadheekshi-
 Taadbudhanija pushkalarasa
 Thaandava madha vaatranatasi
 Tyagaraaja boho! boho! (6)

Semi Chorus

(upon the kolam' d floor close to dhvajasthamba are seen a band of women praising the kshetra and reading the advent of great stars.)

Heart is ardhanariswara.
 Here is Hrudayakalam.
 The very air is musical chhanda.
 May van-tondar crave
 A deemed-devotee status!
 Let us all be enslaved
 On this Gospel' d Earth!
 May love-driven souls
 Chase the Paravaiyar of Grace.
 Aaroor is flawless,
 Girt with fields adance
 Hymning and humming
 The great helical strand
 Of Servitorship,
 Of teachers great,
 Anthologizing all love.
 Behold the ant-hill
 Ruby-red, Meru-gold

With no equinoctial shadow;
At the feet of which shall gather
Arasu and prince of Pukali,
This is a place of meet
Mutual, auspicious and truth-ful
For colonizing with love
With service proverbial.
Earth is nest here.
Servitorship like teachers'
Verbigeration shall have to continue ever.
That is nesting within.
See yonder the funnel shaped sandhole
For every soul to roll in.
O! edentates, please roll in.
Dwells within an ant-lion
To assimilate you into the hill-site
upon which lord's feet
Incessantly tap.
For this the lion among
Brahmins shall hail from
Cool pukali; for this and to feed
The famished world
Paddy mountain shall move over here;
Even consciousness, the character of Prapanca;
Shall be honey'd, licoriced;
And for this, Devas shall step aside and admit in
Servitors and students,
You shall be enroll'd
Into a new Deva-saba.
And poongkoyil shall outshine Denebola
For all to come by gold,

Roof auric shall be henceforward thine,
And this shrine is a gold mine;
Have thy bosoms turned gold.
Be a van-tondar
To be one with the wonder.
The Hill of Aaroor is splendour.
Let thine eyes weep a tear,
Manifest tear of joy,
Your love should soar
Like the ever grown Ant-hill
And expanded tank
With ripples of thoughts
On the Filcher and the filcher!
The way the yaazh, played
The theme of Lord's power
That kicked Death to death
Is still in the air, in a Northerly!
For a good beholder
The seer of Aaroor is seen.
The very stars shall assume shapes and come ~
And sing this pritvi
To have their karmic clay pot cut across the subtle gross
And sublimate camphor like
By one thought-hike.
Thanks to suddha Maya!
Sauce for the Vega!
Sauce for the Vela!
Here you walk at the End.
Entelechy is past routines,
Panguni river ever flows,
The Quotidian is all differential.

formless and formless form.
An ant-hill is an Ant-hill;
The stope is another glide;
We know not far and wide.
The stars shall by advent
Rise and tell this all
In the bliss of space unspatial,
In the kiss of body uncarnal,
In the shout scholastic unontic;
To make you hear the Sruti.
Aaroor is name and names.
Naming Crowds the Cavern.
The whole sky in a cup!
Before the ore-hill
Stretches grammatology
Past the limiter modulus
To wonder at the Sankalpa
Of the super-luminal Ens
Of this Pritvi.
Sing, there-fore sing
Sing Earth, sing her green
Her smaragdite,
Her granite, her diorite,
Her siderite, her many a saivite,
Her perennial Corydalis!
The crown'd Lark is on the wing!
Auspices!

(Pritvi appears as a gravid mother)

Pritvi: In me is He
I am fine within.
So full of Him, His "ahamsa", "ajapa"
Dancing, bathing on what a fluid fire!
The very Nife within
Is surrendered to Him,
And His trident.
This is agony and ecstasy
To be full of Him
Whose two thousand-tusk'd
Tusker frisks about
Within me, me, me, me
Escalating my madness.
Craving more I beg Him;
Greening more I run mad;
I spin mad, I bulge mad;
I drink elements;
I tender fire;
I am He-mad;
I admit cenotes to culture Ash;
I am mad-blind.
And in my speedy zufal
He pierces me in tusker-hide,
From side to side.
I am athirst.
He Quenches me in a Lotus-pool,
To dazzle before me once again
And disturb my immense flower.
None can near me now.
I am terrific, jealous.

Be the hand of mischief Cut.
Be the teeth of the spy knock'd;
Be the apsides and nodes scrambled;
In my sea-like swell
Of passion-pronged heave,
May His Vatavaagni
Maintain the Level-Me.
I grow Crystall'd within
To hold His flame-tongue
Granting me the taste
Of every shoot and root.
Beloved are the stars,
But they compete!
I am hence on the thorn.
Turn me into a nenuphar.
For ever I may turn
My pistil'd wisdom
Into the proto-word!
Into the proto-grammaton!
I am a little scared, in the yoke of "Nidra"
For I recall the grand dissolution
And the bones of swan and Boar
With those of tusker's
Trumpet within the golden womb
And every gripe turns a triple joy
For Ganga, uma and I, Aye!
I secrete honey.
The many needled Vanmeeka
Moistens me.
My insides, Caverns are actinic ray-lit;
Are gem-lit, cane-beaten,

Paddy browsed, juice-washed,
 Flute-hissed, coral scratched,
 Pearl-pelted, Fear-sipped,
 Bee-hived, locks-brushed,
 Konrai-wreathed, Crescent-prick'd,
 Bone-cinctured, Crane-peck'd,
 Snake-sizzled, Veda-boom'd,
 Rishab-hooved, Lotus-fibre'd
 Fretfully, fretfully marine-currented
 Salted, suckled, curdled,
 Butter'd, ghee'd,
 Linctus-touch'd,
 Nectar-fermented, azymously!
 And finally, finally,
 Water-irrigated
 To be one'd with Sadasiva
 My sheer entelechy.
 I too am wasp-waisted now.

(Pritvi sighs)

With Him and Uma in Me.

(Pritvi Swoons)

(Rises again)

Why should these teachers,
 These Four Greats,
 Cry Him, Hymn Him,
 Quarrel with Him,
 And esoterically woo Him?
 Why all the stars
 Seven and twenty
 From Sambandar's To Sekkizhar's

Beam upon Him their
Profuse pin-shots of light?
And twinkle titillated.??
My golden womb is irate!
I can't brook a star,
Its junction, its intervention,
Its clandestine shift
Red to blue, hue to hue,
First or twenty seventh in this queue.
Is my Siva, a mere dazzler
My argent womb is delicate!
Let the stars, if they be pure
Come, descend, embody
And confess shedding their light
On what they are and what they want!
And let sadasiva by drum-taps
And thuds talk to Nilotpala buds
On what I want!
Until then, I shall do
Tapas, Tapas do
In one-handed fire
Microfining my roundedness
Poised on a needle's edge.
For when I see the hide
I turn ichorous!
Woe unto me, should I spin?
For when I eye His throat
Should I seek room in Blue?
Lord, this Pritvi of yours
Is mad with you, you mad.
For when I see you forehead-eyed

I turn a nenuphar-stalk and my waist died!
I know thy sepentine ways!
There is a snake for every star!
For every Dēvaasura War!
Your trident kills me! Aha!
What injection! What interjection!
Now I read thy crimson.
Are you for me or for that yon red radiant rayed giant.
Plough me with thy mazhu.
Plague me with thy hue.
Author my aeon, my axial time and incline
I envy Thy Bull.
Ride me in turn;
Sport me as your deer;
Quell my mrugasiras;
Quell with a konrai-shoot;
And loot me utterly
Down to my melliferous deeps.
Why burn the triple town?
I long for thy fires.
I am endo-thermic; endo-karmic;
Through the feet of thy servitors
Walk over me, run over me
Set aglow all my lamp-wicks
By thy arch-thermo-dynamics.
Cycle me in Thy cycles.
Like seas my sands bubble.
Thine eyes are sweeter
To behold. Let me insalivate.
The springs within me
Are abundant as thine

Seven seas of sweetness.
Let my woods turn the wings of whirring bees!
Let my latitudes be my bangles!
Let Meru on both ends be my crest jewel and anklet!
Let this comely Kamali
Woo thee, the birth-annulling Kaapaali.
Lock my jewel and kazhal my anklet;
Undo my schizm and split.
Would tou take me in
Eat me, chew me,
Hold me as a sublingual pellet.
How I wish I lozenge thy throat.
How I wish I lace thy neck
Make that serpent slough and become its skins
And scales atleast
To partake of thy Venom-feast.
By thy tap, the right tap
Intonate me;
Make my geoid grammar;
Etymologize my vaapi;
Constellate my sands;
Ritualize my-noxes and-stices;
Recite my spherical hum.
Lord! Abide here.
Quell not my desire.
But quelling is thy habit.
Know me as another Baagheerati.
Overpower me, I need to ache
For all your seven world's sake.
Animate my waist, conglob me in thy arms,
Eternally, elementally,

Engender me;
With thy grace.
Let my bulge be pride;
My gravity my passion;
My nife my wrath;
My spin a delusion;
My curvature my thrift;
My long wait my envy;
I am of thee
by thee
in thee
Nandi;
proud of being the first of forms,
I ache for the linga
Acting downward on every granule;
I'm angry that thy streaked chest wears ash and not
me;
With the turning cusp of the moon on thy crest,
I turn and turn dizzied;
May I give little room for all else but thee
So thriftily to flame up for my pet Thief to steal in and
hang me low
Like a Big Drop about to drip!
Into my hip-deep hip!
I shun all stars
I envy them all atop those tree tops of the ficus-forest.
Lord, percolate into me
And pervade and for e'ey small ecologic flaw
Turn me flatulent and gurgle within my burning inside
And percussion a kudamuzha,
And exhilarate me

By thy expert play perform
Thy aquarobics in me,
Inflame me,
Whistle me,
Azure me,
sol me,
selene me, and ensoul me,
In every ens.
Animate, and mate
And consummate this Kamali
That I carry all thy mudras
And swaras seven
For the musical trio
To wed the singer with the song,
The hymn with the hymnodist;
That I be Lotus'd
Lotus-eating, Lotus seated,
Stall'd in Lotus,
Entempled in Lotus,-
The flower and the tank;
That I be simply Pritvi
Hercogamously safe
Spinning in wait, in long wait
For a senescent Kali
To finish sickled in Time;
That I, then, all aflame
Get commixed with thy pillar fire
Corall'd red and green
With all my cave-heart
Envisioning the Half
In thy One-Foot

As sound and light
As Nada and Jyoti.
Within me waters a tremble
Dance and strand in five fold hum
In a graceful kapalam.
Be this so Be this so
Tyaagaraaja boho boho!

(Then Pritvi Hums)

Don't you know My Lotus Feet
With Ever Open petals
Never thaw'd by ice or ire
Upborne on my forehead
Part yours Part Mine;
And how I grieved, heaved,
In that conjugate of Time,
When you lifted my petal-soft
And placed it on the hard black stone
Heavy as tungsten!,
Distracting my leering eye
By some Arundati, know you not?
Lotus bed is selene, serene,
On the forehead moon of moons!
Chandramamanasojataha!
MAY YOU KNOW ME PRITVI!
MAY YOU KNOW YOUR PRITVI!!

Voice from Above

Be not perturbed;
Quake not, tremor not;
Burn not, boil not;
All the stars are for you.

There shall be descent of theirs.
 Their divinities and Regents
 Check their moves.
 Loathe not them.
 They shall visit, body forth,
 And familiarize their selves
 To you. I am held fast
 By you, your love ever
 In real, unreal Time,
 In "murtha" and "amurtha".
 You are my "oor"
 And from the "oort"
 I shall show them unto you....

Asvini : Pritvi, we are come. Now Two, now three, in a gallop!
 We open the year for you. Tokening the opening first
 let us beam on thee ash-sharatan! .ImI

Prithvi : Oh! Hippo pair, Get gone and be back in Aippasi, in
 full moon, to blanch me further white in love- longing.

Bharani : Upon Thy Delta, Pritvi, I am eager to tread. I am
 carrying. Mother, as you are, I think, shall never be...

Pritvi : Delighted to see you, your borealis! In the month of
 karthikai, in moon-made days, when chanks of water
 pour on the Lord, you show up through the wick'd
 lamps.

Krittika : Pritvi, I shall have all your temples lit for your sake.
 We are a sixer of light.

Pritvi : Before my Lord, Pillar fire, your divinity must salute. I
 pity that ignis fatuus in you. Correct your blade and,

handle, or by my Lord's wrath, you shall be cut to size. Do not pride over your thick-set-ness. All right who is that follower?

Rohini : Prajapati-sent.

Pritvi : I abhor thy ruddy rudeness!

Rohini : Sorry, Mother, I am a poor wain. But a wheeling sequence. May I help thee spin?

Pritvi : Tush. You cusp of moon!,- Lo! Deflects another, I sniff musk. Is this Lord's arrow??

Mrgasiras: Pritvi. I am of thy cenote. That smoke antelope shaped as it well'd up, Lord aimed my head. I am properly His Havis. You may call me back.

Pritvi : Intervene not. I'm in tight embrace with my Lord. I hate the very arrow that sever'd thy head. Let my womb be the quiver to collect Lord's darts.

Ardra : I moisten at this very site. I feel that something storms me adown to be with you. There is an inner run of a fluid. Aren't I a liquid gem!
Eye me please.

Pritvi : Let Rudra make you weep or cry. Don't crave the sky I hold within. He, My Lord is mine.

Punarvasu : Dear one, I am Aditi-sent I know the Mother-in-you Let my recursion be good. Admit my double of goodness in.

Pritvi : Vasu, I have shut myself in. Why seek a chamber in the globule of me. No mother, I shall turn thy mother-in-law.

- Pushya : Brhaspati my supervisor controls my image. Fain
I make thee prosperous, nourished and auspicious.
My love for you and the lord is great; I curve the
arrow head And tilt the crescent adjusting them to
Lord's grandeur.
- Pritvi : That is conquethes! I can't stand the very fact. Try
never cosmetically on Him.
- Aclesha : With my beams, why not entwine, embrace you!
- Pritvi : Fie. shut up. Don't show your dendrophis and
dance of seduction.
- Magha : Let me give my might to you.
- Pritvi : O! manes of clouds, your might is murk to me.
Pass by.
- Phalgunas: I am ficus..
- Pritvi : Hara Hara. Show not figs. I know my couch My
bedstead for My Lord.
- Hasta : Mother, I am light-driven. How I wish Lord clasps
my Hand.
- Pritvi : I shout you out Five digits - let them curve
in Ravenous cretinous smirk. I hear you caw I hear
you bark. I hear the hook'd ram dashing the sky,
Beware. Pritvi is Lord's Navy too.
- Chitra : I am Truth, Mother. Spica is Truth; Truth, spica.
I'm the artifice of thy maternity. I shall bring light
pearly shipshape.
- Pritvi : O! senile flame get gone. wicked virginis.
- Svati : I shall grant you a sword of light.

- Privi No, thank you. I know the claws of your love. Your branches hinder my celestial tree of love. Who should you freckle The Pure Light of Lord
- Vicaka For Pure Love of Lord
- Privi Love is not, any star's take
- Jyeshtha Mother. I shall broom sweep and comb and clear a clear sky and kumkum it to my red. I shall dance in your ear-ring and beat in the heart.
- Privi O' the eldest one. You are in the ring only. You have no ear. Need I speak to you?
- Mula Mother, from southwest I come. I'm the rest and the releaser in one. Don't you see heavens grow upon me
- Privi Why this boast. I see none but He
- Ashadas From waters and the collective gods we spring. We are a pair. We are ever given due
- Privi Don't couch your pride in the piercing ruler's rule. Know my Lord as the Weater of the haze
- Abhijt O' Creativ' I salute thee. Brahman am I. I test the pluck and got strummed. I know kumkum in Aadra for All. Hence like a hammer gear I swayed down to you submitting to thee
- Privi In submission you have conquered My kindness



Lord bless thee I see thy Trikonaakara Mandalaṁ.
This is Lord's Delta. Drip thy light. Cascade a
light-fall you are great as such "Imponderable to
touch" you are Light and Fall when I am close to
equinox. Orthodox Light. Orthodox Fall. A beaming
surrender to the Lotus-feet of His!

Cravanam : Mother, I have heard of your Aadirai festival. I
limped in ascension to meet you.

Pritvi : O! you the trekker of the Boar's three steps
Astriding Heaven. Lame Name. May Lord Greet
us All.

Cravanam : Mother, even as I trip on the steps, I feel the trident.
Commend my coming unto this arena.

Cravishta : Vasu-sent, let me fourfold Increase the weal on this
Aadirai-Eve.

Pritvi : So be it.

Catabishaj: Orders from Varuna and we are here. A Hundred
physicians.

Pritvi : Where is the cure for the triple-flaw? You can only
nod!

Bhadrapadas: From the Square of Uchairsravas we are happy-
footed rushing to thee our shapes of ox and carp,
bed and twins, beautifully bifaced...

Pritvi : Stop. Your faces are the indices of your intents.
Pritvi is incorruptible. Let her tapas be not disturbed
by a hippodromic rush of a couple of couple of stars
like you!!

Voice from above

Pritvi, contain yourself.
These stars are singers too.
I am ever with thee,
When you listen I listen.
Founder of you,
Founded on you,
I remain yours;
And ordain all these mansions
To accommodate
All servitors, abiding servitors
With their beams of benediction.
Do not star-war;
For they shall all be starved
If they don't see you.
Your nenuphar-looks
May smile on them
That they sing dropping
Sound words to gurgle
With the five-faced drum
I play on.
The drum never fails the Drummer
For I am the Coolth and Warmth
And the Summer of both.
Nenuphar and Lotus,
Needle and Eye,
The thread of Bakthi

Is never cut.
 Let the music of the spheres
 Be the food of Bakthi.
 I shall "agape" it!
 Pritvi darlingest dear,
 I shall deck your ears,
 Hear the star-drippings.

Echolalia

(From the firmament sounds cascade thus:)

Alhanah nieu nieu
 Assimak kio kio
 Addeberan Hin Hin
 Sad-al akbiyah Mao Mao
 Leu Ar risha Leu
 Tse Al bula Tse
 Ki Aahdira kiAsh shawla kuei kuei
 Albutain che-pi pi
 Sin-attarf sin alghafr chin chin
 Ajjabhah-fang chang-azzubanam.
 Fang-Chang-Big Bang.
 Chorus
 The sounds we have
 heard are transluscent
 Aaroor is starlit!
 Aaroor is star-oor, in a chaldaic idiom!

Act II

Aadirai Day. Aaroor Temple Sannidhi.

(The Temple Car is on the move.

The people who drag that

“Chittira-ther” shout in joy Hara Hara)

Dhee Dhee Dhee Dhee

Hear the names Hara Hara

All oors are here Hara

Assembled in rows here Hara

Kaar, kunroor, kudi,

Kadavur, Mizhalai, Mangalam,

Kaazhi, kaalatti, kanchi,

Tillai, Mayilai, Tanjai

All oors are Aaroor Hara Hara

The names of servitors ring;

The air is golden dust;

Therefore sing our king;

We shall all be blest;

Drag this vasuki of rope,

Lose your eyes, gain your eyes,

By twice a faith and twice a hope!

All are servitors in guise.

Hara Hara Hara Hara

Dhee Dhee Dhee Dhee

(Kokkarai, Montai and Muzhavan play)

Chorus

(A band of women sing)

Have the lamps lit

And in their light read

Nami Nandi's creed.

Aadirai knows Nakkar's haste.
The blown away spider forgives the tongue.

The niveous half is ablister
For too much thought is tongue-twister!
From light and thought we are taught! (1)

From naming, Appothi knew
The tell-tale spell of Guru.
The deadly bite before Bakthi
Is tricked into a blessing
And snakes are left to mere hissing.
From bite and thought we are taught. (2)

A mango fell by a law
In obeisance to Punitavati
And this falling was a calling
To Paramadatta.
From fruit and thought we are taught. (3)

Kurumpar chanted Sundarar's name
And turned a Sidda in Mizhalai Grove,
By his Siva yoga and love!
From this sundara yoga subtly known,
We are taught and shown. (4)

From Peru Nampi's plan
We are taught we are a clan
In the pain of a Jain was Grace;
Before coming face to face
With the Lord of Lords.
From the Lord of Language we know we know
stage by stage.
He was hardly ten

And the kine obeyed
Even as he prayed.
We know we know
From this Vichara,
That the cows of the world
By instinct know
Their neatherd
In a word.
From the diviner of a servitor's wish
We know a fulfilment.
In the pool Pasupati stood
And chanted Rudram full.
From the chant do we know
Rudram's pull and glow.
Nandanaar longed in the long wait
And came by Tillai's light.
From the tank he dug and the fire-bath
He had, we know Siva's love and Siva's wrath.
Muruka gathered flowers;
Moorthi ground sandal;
Aanaya played the pipes;
Taayan gave sennel-keerai;
Manakkancharar adored the devotee;
Kalaya fumigated the wind;
And altered the very anemos;
Tinnan showed his eyes
To the world and lit the world;
Yenati worshipped Holy ash;
Eripattar killed a mammoth;
From this nothing, manythings show'd up;
Mei-pporul received the stab

For love of Ash and Aagama;
From this caritas proceeded grace;
The roofs cooked the pot;
The seeds made the meal;
From the rainy night
Was known love's might.
Maaran almost fed a devotee
With germinated paddy.
Yeyarpakai's gift
Was a gift outright.
And for the discerning eye
The motley never cheats.
The potter from the pot
Has us all taught.
The loom of Amar Niti
Have the humid secret.
Flower, sandal, pipe
Keerai, konrai, wind,
Ash, sword, seed,
Wife, pot and loom
All by an alchemy
Into an auric dust
"Neath our feet here
Turn and have us turned.
Therefore Have the lamps lit
And in Aadirai read
Niveous Nandi's creed
And find a teacher in every ens
In a mystic tremens.
Let us cocoon ourselves in a mesh
Of this vasuki-rope

And turn every thought siva-yogic,
And breed them early, early,
Pupiparously!

*(The chorus band touch the vatam and
the car dances its way)*

*(The two Stars in their slow touchdown
thus reflect aloud)*

Anuradha : Revati, we are at right angles.

Revati : Neyer mind. our sine is one.

Anuradha : Our Co-Stars are so varied, cepheid...

Revati : We shall translate even Heat into Light.

Anuradha : Pritvi is gritty..

Revati : I know your angst.

Anuradha : Yet we are pious and plucky.

Revati : We never lose ground; do we?

Anuradha : Why, our sky knows no erosion, no sanddrifting.

Revati : But we so overhang on the gee-gew, trivia, ha-ha... trinket

Anuradha : Hence we wink at.

Revati : You mean..

Anuradha : Meru is our golden mean

Revati : Pritvi is a function, a great quantic!

Anuradha : Friend, Aadirai is Festival more homo-geneous.

Revati : Two and More. Servitors and Lord. A great throng of variables! Yesterday we were in deviltry. We were in fal-de-rollery!

Anuradha : Despite the purple, it is a samiti we are in.

Revati : Why, we ourselves are rhodolites, you more, I less.

Anuradha : More or less, Aadirai fosters hagiolatry. Let us laminate our light in flesh and bathe in beams of Betelgeuse's, then proceed.

Semi Chorus

On this Aadirai Day
 This Aaroor as ever,
 The Abode of Teachers Great,
 Four and more of them,
 Shall show the "way"
 Of Ammai-Appar,
 Of Appar, Sundarar,
 Of Sambandar, Manicka-vacakar,
 In fourfold words.
 Think of a kolu of them
 In the winding stair of a faith
 In mystical ascension.
 By stars we swear
 That the Teacher Great
 The perceptor Great
 Is incorporate with His servitor-pupil.
 This is a celestial Bondage.
 The Rtu spins the Moon
 In the set of stars
 Four or five vying with one another
 To feel the Fullness.
 In this kaleidoscope,
 Once we have known and seen
 In Baikashi Anuradha bejewelled the Full Moon
 In Aippasi Revathi did the same.
 The Moon-mind of the pupil

Turns to a full round
By the Rtu's will!
What a cadence of Lord's steps!
Hepthemimeral cadence!
Of His supreme Ens!
Between the Lord-preceptor
And His disciple-servitor
Runs a canyon
Like the slender Uma of Blue
Aeviternally true.
The caesura runs round and round
Like protective pranava sound.
Hear, in Aaroor Hear
Of this ageless caesura
Corridor'd through the shrine;
And have a third of karma
Burnt in Pritvi's ire.
And forefend another third
By Guru-given grammaton.
The rest is experience
As will'd by supreme Ens.
Thus does Arasu adores Aaroor;
And the Child of Pukali comes;
Paravaiyaar receives the gift;
Ant-Hill envies the paddy Hill;
Nampi hymns the Lord Pure;
Aaroor is more than drums;
The lotus stalk turns a stick;
To walk with and Baktha is tested and tried;
The Tank extends a lotus-lift;
Tandi's insight reads His will;

The car plies thro' throngs thick;
 And yaazh ne'er fails the yaazhist;
 A crocodile brings a boy forth;
 From seed, sennel to sanctorum;
 Aaroor is Pritvi's forum;
 Aaroor is sheer Aurum ;
 Here everything has taught
 And everyone has learnt
 And This is yoga!
 This is conjunction!
 This is Tyaga!
 Watch the devotees coming in.
 The pious star-pair.
 Teachers great and fair
 Translating with care
 All the great in their chelas
 By divine conjunctive laws!
 Ananda onward stars answer
 Down to pravardha.
 All for Pritvi's sake
 And for Lotus's lake.

*(Near the sanctum two women devotees stand with
 folded palms adoring the lord inworldly performing
 an aanmartha puja. They equate the yogas to
 flowers and offer them to the feet)*

Anuradha : Let flowers flower in conjunction. May nenuphar
 witness, with eyes wide open.
 Let
 Vishkamba grass grow
 Priti fruits ripen

Ayushmant flames soar up

Saubhagya red show

Shobana deer dance

Atiganda rains pour

Sukarman good flourish

Dhrti birds feather

Shoola serpents hiss

Ganda houses warm

Vrddhi couches spread

Dhruva beds-stead.

Vyaghata lights leak

Harshana flowers open

Vajra buds close

Siddhi twigs break

Vyatipada corals shine

Variyas roots ooze

Parigha waters cool

Siva bow bend

Siddha corns grow

Sadhya coins roll

Shukla milk pour

Brahman ghee feed

Indra grains cook

Vaidriti stalks break

All are offerings to thee unconditionally, Pritvi!

Revati : The Black holes are the Nostrils of Thy Breath. I
surrender them all to thee. E'en Abhijit is thine,
By a yoga's sine!

Anuradha : You are Puranam touched, Pritvi. My saltutions to
Thy greatness, askesis.

(Revati and Anuradha Together sing the Lord and Aaroor of Pritvi. They sing their love of the Lord and kshetra. This song is an arcane occult incantation. Only the muffled final sounds are to be heard aloud. The rest is confidentially esoteric,

Revati and Anuradha :-

In a mobile perpetuum
 Lord, let us hug and hum.
 Effectually call us in
 Like as nenuphar fibre thin
 Would draw the sap up
 Into Her tubular cup.
 Our sanchitam in a petara;
 The pre-begun in a draw;
 We are star-light in the hub
 Of ecliptic of a rub
 Wheeling us into bleeding love
 Of irrepressible, calving cow.
 Let us make a little noise of life.
 Take our token signs in.
 We love Thy Feet-Dust Time.
 We welcome that Talcum in.
 We want to have the twin poorja leaves
 Osculate inside us.
 May we become triangles ninefold
 In our delta grow, let grow
 Kalpaka and kadamba trees;
 This kalpa be our bedstead;
 From the sphere of Agni
 To the one of lune
 Mercurially oscillate us.
 This thine sun-dried

Let flowers ring the sanctus bell
 What our tongues cannot tell A thin broth of joy
 Sounds of mussionation-
 Let the folds of skin
 Peel, - these skinny births,
 By some synastry,
 In the likeness of nenuphar
 Get our petal's layer'd prepace
 Get torn and our pails of milk
 Ichorously ooze as if
 From the must'd breasted tusker's head
 Upon this kalpa's Bedstead,
 And leave us viscid and wet,
 In one wink of thine,
 Let all this happen;-
 That one wink a He-wink
 Oordhavaretam Viroopaaksham.
 We twine with, feet thine
 Unlike the Boar's "mal" practice
 Unlike that aquatic cygnum's swanking
 We are atwinkle with thine eyes trine
 With digits thine slope us
 Into a tidal, "hidai" cadence.
 Dash us from mountain to plain.
 We part our left for thee.
 We speak and sing our left for thee.
 Unto thee our breathing Cave



For that flash-fling of your wave.
Neither stone nor waters we be.
Neither thick-set nor sky we be.
Neither flame nor winds we be.
But "betweens" we be.
Seize our flames flame-red inflamed.
Bite our stubborn stalks
With thy trident, tickling
Us the more we resist;
Swim and blow into us
That ageless charge
From thy "Murtha" Time
Descend betwixt our brows;
Trillate our bipinnate;
Ash the churner of Mind once more!
Vis-a-vis may we have you seen
Ordaining us, our habit too!
Aaroor is Vaaranasi!
A milliard of Suns and Moons
Bathe the linga of dunes
We feel in our swansdown
In a meet study-Brown!
The word of parasambu
In a conjugate of Blue
In Saguna-Nirguna view
Be heard.
Lace our veined necks,
Our liquid larynges,
Twin-twelve petall'd flowers,
And Drip your Crystal Dew.
Like chakora birds of yore

Near the full blown lotus
Sipping the floral juice
Under Betelgeuse
May we gaze the swan-dance
And swan-dialogue
Of vedas four and angas six
And aalaaps eight
To show us the via
Thro' ashtadasagunitavidya
We close our ears to the world
Let the swan-twain cackle
In a wordless high-way,
Where may you blow winds
And waft our petals ten.
Aarooraar is Aavutarar
In the virat of this soma
Set ablaze the gross
By thy samvardhagni
And by concorporate grace
In enlivening Holy ash
Render us red to blaze ever
As kalpajeevi-pair'
Come down as a liquid cloud
In a six-petalled vial



To rid us of every flu
By a constant lightning flash
Inside the pitch-dark of us
Impossible to gross guess.
Let the murk and light of archery
Bend, dart an aqueous shaft
To kill the threefold-ailment
And nescience and grant us weal
By a scud of Sadasiva!
Descend, Lord, urgently
Into the dancing dais of delta!
Dodder us in sheer delight.
Let our triangles twirl and twirl
In a centrepetal whirl
Left and Right changing sides
In probe of several glides.
Rooted in this kshetra
With Lasyam on thy left
And Tandavam on thy right
Thou art statant, sejant!
In a patriarchate of Time,
Here shall you un-Ash Ash
And re-make this prapanca!
Create the red-heat in us
And in this hibiscus red,
O! Lord of Vanmeeka!,
Shake us in the Lotus
O! Thatitvaan!
Complement us!
Transfix us!
In Thy Tumidity!
In Thy Extramural Deepening Mystery!

ACT III

The next day, still in hold of Aadirai.

(Pritvi as voice from Moolasthanam: The muffled echoes are listened to by Revati and Amuradha.)

Pritvi : Servitors and Teachers. You know the way. You show the way. My Geoid Is My void poised, voiced, moist through mine eyes of Sun and Moon In Love of His Love that can kill all three Moera in one wink. If Lord is the teacher of teachers His love is for the servitor of servitors. From form to formless form be led thro' a
sankalpa
kalpa
alpa
pa
ah!
Your Pritvi is calathi!
She bears fairest fruit!

(Revati and Amuradha. Sivacharyar comes blessing them.)

Sivacharyar : In propitiation of whatever delights our Lord,
On His auspicious Murtha of Time,
in the present kalpa,
in the present Manvantara,
in the present cycle aeonian,
in the yoke of present yuga,
in its present part, in this isle of this Pritvi,
south of auric Meru,
in the current geo-era,
in the running aoristic cycle,
in the start of the year,

in Sur's northward tropism,
 in Vasanta Rtu,
 in accrescent Moon,
 of the month of Chittirai,
 under the light of Aadirai,
 in Manasa Yoga,
 for the well being of Anuradha,
 her three stars her trin,
 her rows and successions under Mitra's drive,
 and for the weal of Revati ever near the ecliptic,
 for her two and thirty stars,
 for her drums and tabors
 to beat and broider the sky
 for her coincidence with the vernal equinox
 under Pushan's drive,
 and for the fellow-ship of Co-Stars all,
 for the four-fold attainments of Virtue,
 Weal, Love and the Next for Gnosis,
 Valiancy, and Deliverance,
 may we praise His Omneity
 in Sky's mantle and Pritvi's Ant-Hill
 in the radiance of a crore of moons;
 in the purple alcove of acuminulate mud;
 in the trine of His eyes,
 in the cassia locks,
 in the Blue of His neck,
 in the deer-skin vest,
 may we praise Him.
 Pritvi knows the plough! Let the rishis seven
 bless our determination.
 May the Triones of the sky circling round the Meru

the literatè void
 Hara Hara Hara Hara.
 Siva is our travelator.
 Soul goal.

Om. Catholicon Praise Be.
 Om. Ant-Hill-Dweller Praise Be.
 Om. Fire-Bow-Wielder Praise Be.
 Om. Primal Ens Priase Be.
 Om. Ankileshwar Praise Be.
 Om. Bull-Rider Praise Be.
 Om. Monogynous Praise Be.
 Om. Dancer on the Yoga Nidra, Praise Be.
 Om. Lotus Feet Praise Be.
 Om. Tirumoolattaana Praise Be.

*(Bells chime. Two students in the Araneri corridors sing
 their teachers: The song is heard)*

O! opulent ones, Teachers Great
 With your performative caritas
 Please, -alms-give
 We stand before you with our bowls to receive
 You have taught us
 To mime a madness
 (A half, one's - A half, its twin's)
 Unmimeably extreme
 With which we row home
 In a double quinquireme
 With love of Earth and Birth and Mirth
 And Holy pentagrammaton
 Each of the five letters unfurling:
 Some wind in the sail,

An inbent outline of gratitude.
Now, sirs, lift us aloft
In slow motion
In a leash of Time
Occluded in a poetic asterisk
Where we in vedic wordage frisk;
Teknonymously reknowing you
As Sisu's Bard or Sethu's Sage
Down this ever-read page
Ahistorically true.
We salute, and foot-note
The pulver 'neath the feet of the Saint-Pauranika
The kalvar in Zenith of a beat of our lotus-hearts
And dote and dote and dote
On pulver-kalvar twin twinkle,
So starr'd and so paired
By Akileswara's Grace
In a Mega-Via-Siva
In spirited Servitordom.

OM TAT SAT
